

zines unite volume one



produced in Milwaukee, Wisconsin

ive!

START MASSIVE!



Ministry Of Truth

*This is the shit...ready or not here we come
This is an overload of the senses. Fuck you.
You know what I like the most about
Halloween, I love scaring the hell out of my
mom. That is so fun. I also like getting candy
from strangers but alas I am to old now. I think
if you don't like this issue I will be truly hurt so
please keep it to yourself, I would like to thank
both Miles because I love them so, also I think
should be commended for allowing us to use his
picture even though he hates the rave scene.*

*Love,
Philip*

A little background: X-Y-Zine, 8th to 9th grade. Stark Reality 9th till present... I've been doin' zines for a long tyme and in fact I've now been sucked into the world of graphic arts because of it. I will probably work the rest of my life in publishing or something like that. The full color covers were all my responsibility and I couldn't do 'em due to a fuck Mac and an even more fuck...Excuses! Fuck 'em! I failed on that one.

We're in kinkos right now and everything is looking O.K. I think this will be pretty interesting due to the fact that we have a very big selection of things to read and a very big difference in styles between all these rags. There are some really awfull looking things in here (sorry) but that's the cool thing about zines is watching them grow and progress into an actual nice looking piece of art.

Well if you dig any of the shit I wrote or whatever write me and I'll procrastinate for ever so call the Lame Gig Line at 414-764-4877. This is the # of S.R. and Me (ZAK).

Oh, I gotta give credit to PSYCHO THERAPY for the Green Day vs. The Knack article. Andrea is always the most beautifull not just sometimes.

A THANK COULD BE EXTENDED TO:
ANDREA (GIRL), TERO (JASON), JAKE
(A COS), JUSTIN (ACIO), WALLY
(WHERE?), JOEY (BABY), BARBER
(KINDA?), DUPE (DANNY), GEORGE
(TECH), RYAN (PAT), PATTY (PAT),
DENNY (HOW), BRIAN (PROBATION)
AND ANY OTHERS THAT HAVE
SPILLED THEIR DUFFS TO ME OR
VICE VERSA.

MANY OTHERS
LABOR. DAMN. I'M
A FUCKIN' GENIUS.
TO GIVE YOU SOME
FACTS, OUR VOICE
MAIL NUMBER IS
414. 777. EXT.
MY ADDRESS IS WAY
OUT IN
HUMBLEBUCK, SO
NEVER MIND. A
FAIR WARNING IS
THAT YOU MAY BE
OFFENDED BY SOME
OF THE THINGS
CONTAINED HERE.
FINE- JUST DON'T
BE A FUCKHEAD IN
RESPONDING TO IT.
REACT WITH
INTELLIGENCE.
THERE, NOW I
SOUND LIKE HOW
EVERY OTHER ZINE
SOUNDS....
FUCKIT, FUCK YOU
IF YOU DON'T LIKE
IT- THERE ARE
LESS SPICIER
PUBLICATIONS FOR
POSSIES LIKE YOU.
Spine Mnt To

number eleven

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CHURCH OF SATAN

'LESS MISERABLE'

As of late, I've seen two movies. Exciting huh? No, not really, but it's something I'm starting to feel strongly about. Entertained, to be or not to be? Every day I grow older I seem to become more jaded. I can feel myself being shoved into the normal typical lifestyle of the youth in this country. Sometimes, I don't even notice it's happening. I can't remember the last time I got together with all my pals and we actually entertained each other. I swear, it's a miracle when we have conversations. I'd like to have a night where we all rode bikes around, or played kick the can, or even to go and start a fight with some rednecks...Anything! I am lazy too, and I much rather just buy a nickel bag and rot into my surrounding. I'm always waiting for someone else to make the decision on whose house we sit at or whatever but heck, I never come up with anything different from anyone else. So now you understand that my life is pretty boring and that I suck, right?

FIGURE ONE:

"everything stinks real bad!"

*



Back to those movies, let's see, the first one was that movie about the airplane that crashed and left a buncha people stranded on a mountain. They were up there for seventy days, they survived by eating their friends dead bodies that were being preserved out in the snow. Sure, there was a lot of comic relief, but hardly enough to

even out with the pain and suffering. I think I laughed harder at parts that weren't supposed to be funny, like watching the catholic people hafta choose between starving to death or eating their dead friends and family (by the way, they'll burn for that... if their god is for real, DUH). Anyway, if you seen the movie you know what's up, if not I won't say what it's called.



The second movie was a bit more recent. I remember thinking that matinee for two fifty was alot, now it's four bucks! Oh well, movies are never as good at home as they are in the theater. In this feature presentation abortion is illegal and u.s. citizens are only allowed one child. This situation in itself is just a horrible one, but then again it's very possible that something like that could happen in your life time (as long as I'm around it just ain't possible cause I'll overthrow D.C. by myself if need be). Anyway, Dick and Jane are heading for the border, cops are everywhere, Jane's pregnant, Dick and Jane get busted for trying to smuggle a child somewhere (the movie was kinda vague at the beginning). Dick and Jane get tossed in the can for thirtyone years each. You see this ain't any old can it's owned by a corperation called Men-Tel (not funny). These corporate fux own the prisoners and put some goofy behavior device in the inmates tummies to keep the prisoners in line. Hell, hellacious,

hella hell. This movie was really decent and somehow the cheesiest parts made the movie better, like two people escaping and fukin' up the whole jail (sorry, but this jail is underground, run by computers, and in the middle of an unbearable desert). impossible!

FIGURE THREE:
IS THIS ALL THAT CAN
SAVE US? BOO, BOO.



Here's how I see these two movies as an example... At the time I was being entertained. I didn't really enjoy watching the movies because they were nasty. People were miserable! I don't wanna watch someone be miserable, just like I don't wanna spend my time or money on feeling uncomfortable. It's like buying a real shitty couch with springs popped out, just not a good idea. I've told myself, that from now on I'm only gonna do things that I feel good about or that make me feel good. Smoking, for one is so lame, everytime I smoke I sooth my addiction, where as my body is in pain. I am only human though. I don't always stop to think about what I'm doing, who I'm supporting, or how my actions (entertainment) effect the world or others.



FIGURE 4:

ANGRY AT MYSELF!

AGAIN!

Entertainment is basically everything we do besides work. What ever you can squeeze out of your own personal time IS your entertainment. I've been caught

up doing so many things, and half of them are in general just a waste of time. Too much driving here and there, running around, hookin' up and now, dying out. There were a lot of days where I came home stoned, thinkin'... "Dagnabbit! I shoulda just slept late, hung out with the girl friend, ate a decent meal and did some reading or even writing." I guess instead of driving around all night with whoever I'll save the world some gas (a bit of pollution, too) and ride my Schwinn with someone else. I'm not gonna go out of my way to do nothing so I'll just stay home and do it.

FIGURE 5:

I REGRET THIS
FIGURE SHIT!

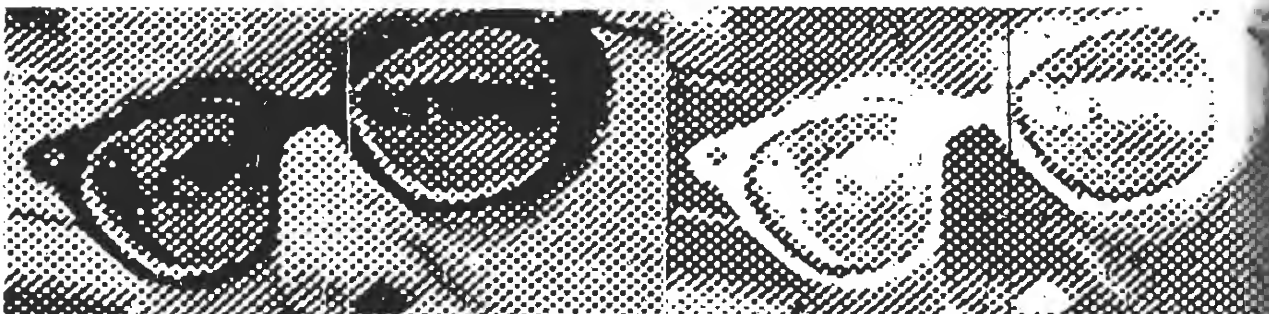


All our actions that keep us busy, I'd consider entertainment. From hobbies to direct action in the most radical way affect everyone differently. The movies really bummed me out, where as they simply passed time for others. I say that to get a lot out of life you gotta get rid of all the everyday, normal bullshit that can creep its way into your life. You know, all the crap that get's you all hot and bothered like commercials, stupid people, mixed feelings, school and work. Take out a gun and hold it up to the T.V. and scream... "I don't like torture! I don't enjoy situations that seem impossible. I'm a cynic the way it is and I don't need any more bad vibes than I already got!" See this may make no sence to you but I know what's up and I know what I want and a whole lotta shit is gonna hafta change if I wanna be satisfied with my life.

I FIGURE THIS ENDS
HERE.

DISCO FAMILY PLAN

A chat with ESP Woody and Sandra



First off let it be known that this interview is to be the first in a line up of people to be interviewed. I felt it necessary to talk with Sandra and Woody about their past, their experiences, and their goals. Both of them have been heavily involved in the Minneapolis scene as well as the Midwest and have gone through alot together.

OKE: What attracted both of you to the scene?

WOODY: It started with the music because I was into collecting records. I was spending lots of money to get the vinyl, keeping up with new releases etc. There was also this mysterious desire to get the music out to the people. besides the fact that being a DJ is so much fun.

SANDRA: I've been listening to the music for about four years now. There was this Death Probe radio show on Saturday nights that got me hooked the first time I heard it. After that I started going to events and I eventually met up with Woody.

OKE: How did you two meet up?

SANDRA: There was a Death Probe party where Woody came up to me and introduced himself. Three weeks later we were engaged. After that we moved in together and I began helping out with DFP.

OKE: So how long have you been a DJ?

WOODY: I started spinning about three years ago, doing such things as college parties. That scene got stale though because of things like beer and the fact that the people weren't really into the music.

OKE: What were you playing back then?

WOODY: It was a mix of house music and techno. My partner, Ryan Peck, and myself then became involved with a club called the Underground. This was on a Tuesday night and was our night to play our music. The bad side of this was that we always had to pay the owner to be there. We were also really into bass, so we always brought extra bins there which cost us money. That and the fact that Tuesday is such an odd

night eventually forced us to give up the idea.

OKE: Where did Disco Family Plan (DFP) come from?

SANDRA: In the beginning it was Woody and some friends who were together and doing things like DJ tipsheets. Woody would then hand the tipsheets out at Death Probe parties, and that's where we got together. From then on I jumped aboard while his friends left and eventually there was just him and me. It has been the two of us for the last two years. We have done things from the tipsheets to the promotion of our own events and also mail order for records.

OKE: Besides being a DJ and doing DFP with Sandra, you are also a recording artist with several tracks out already. How did you and the Earthworm begin?

WOODY: Well the idea of the Earthworm came from a book that had the anatomy of an earthworm laid out on several clear plastic pages. It was like what you had in science class at school. I used to do tipsheets like that, just to add a touch to them. That was back in the days when we did things like music news, top ten lists, and the tipsheets. With myself and the music I create, I did a track for Adam and Eve records plus I've had two records come out on Experimental so far. I also have one record called

the Interference EP out on Kurt and Pat's new label. Their second record was also done by me and will be called Amplification. The last pressings for that should be out hopefully at the end of October. There was also a track done by me on DJ Repete's new label called 12 Gauge records. That one should also be available soon. I've done one record so far with Labworks called 4D, and I have a new double 12" coming out by them called Into the One. That will have a trance and ambience sound to it.

OKE: With so many events being thrown in the Milwaukee and Chicago area, why do you choose to remain in Minneapolis?

WOODY: Minneapolis has always been home to the both of us. We have been tempted to move down there alot. In the Midwest we know so many people with many of those people being like a family to us. But we also have our own families here whom show a strong concern for what we do. Sandra and I have alot planned for Minneapolis in the next year. It takes alot to produce an event up here. So much time and effort go in just to pull it off, but alot of people don't realize this side of the story. We do alot to try and get the scene here going, but it's hard because of all the obstacles like the police. The cops up here are real tough on stopping what we do. For example, about two years ago when events started to get more popular, the police sent out letters to all of the warehouse owners in Minneapolis in an effort to stop us. Since Minneapolis doesn't have a strong warehouse district we are forced to look in other directions. However it seems that things are loosening up a bit.

OKE: You took some time off after Rave'em and Bail-e and then came back at the Jubilation party. Why did you leave and choose then to return?

WOODY: Well at that time Sandra and I were involved on some deep journeys which were made on the influence of LSD. We had done alot of reading on LSD and how it was in the 60's compared to how it is now. We would always set like two days aside when we dosed. Well we each tripped off 5 hits of this government paper and went on a journey we weren't prepared for. The acid was really potent, it was as if we had bitten off more than we could chew. There was alot going on at this time, we had been getting pretty deep when we dosed. I guess we started to lose track of our structure. We went to the edge and panicked, it felt like we were



going to die. Things got really difficult and our families helped us out alot. The both of us weren't happy with what we were seeing in the world and the scene, so we decided to bail from our lifestyle. When you take LSD you can achieve a state of temporary spiritual meditation. That state of meditation can be achieved in many different ways. During this state many things can be revealed or realized, such as an insight to yourself, nature, and the things around you. We each choose a path of discovery. On that path of expansion we can sometimes go too far, leaving our structure behind. It is important to maintain that structure, with that structure being a closeness to our families. It is someimes hard to make our families understand what we are trying to do in our scene. LSD can help each of us to realign ourselves, but we need that structure to do it. This whole experience faded about a month later, but I was still unsure of what I wanted to do. It was some of the hardest times we've had, but you also learn the most through the hardest times. When I had talked to Nick Nice and found out that he was going to be in Madison with Roz for the Jubilation party I decided to come down. Both Nick and Roz are good friends of mine and I felt comfortable enough to come down. Everything was reaily good at the party, everyone was enjoying themselves and a good vibe was felt by all. The fact that everyone in our scene is so friendly



contributes to making our scene what it is.

OKE: What are your feelings about what you'd like to see in the future?

SANDRA: It seems that even though we try to change things in life we tend to take too big of leaps, kind of like learning to run before we walk. What we have now needs to go a long way. Woody and I talk about this alot and we don't get much response from those we talk to. DFP is about

change and the idea of trying to get more women involved on the political side of things. So many people out there have so many good ideas and alot of those ideas come from women. I've experienced alot of things and I feel that anyone who attends a rave feels an immediate connection to everyone around them. We are the only crowd that seems to take notice and respond to things. But women don't get the respect they deserve. We are young and we can change, that is because we are the greatest people.

Many people want to experiment and are afraid or aren't given the chance. I know that I have received little or no respect when dealing with different promoters. I'm not only Woody's girlfriend, but I'm also his partner. It seems that some people don't believe that I can know so much about what goes on. In the future I want to sit down with a group of ten women and talk to them. Find out what they like and dislike and see what can come out of it. We'll take those ideas and apply them to planning our party. Maybe after we do this enough more people will realize what's going on.

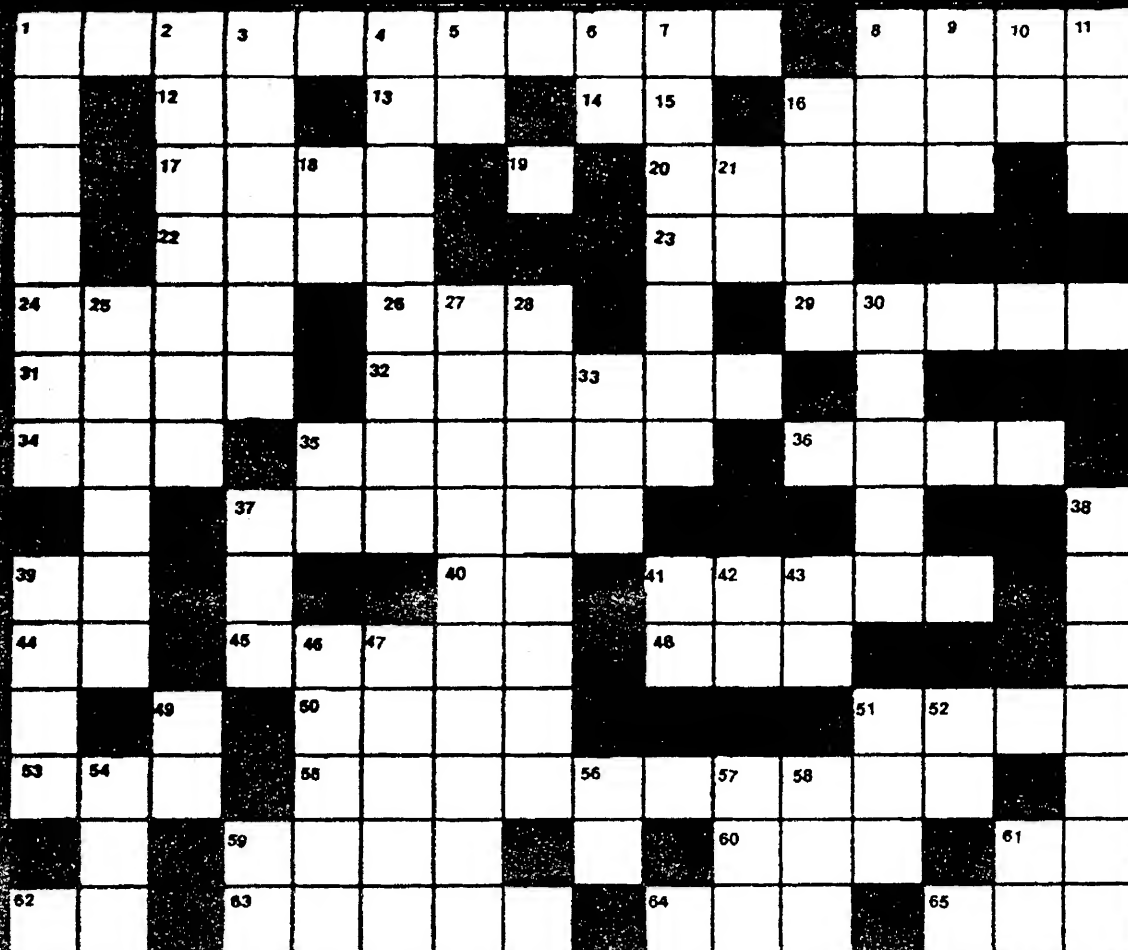
WOODY: Where we go is where we go. It seems that those promoters who are throwing the quality events are those who are ravers themselves. We, as the Midwest, are the last hardcore scene around. The East is dying and the West has turned to house music as its choice for progression. We live in a harsh and insane world, in our scene we choose to relate to the hard side of techno. Others choose to take a more gentler path. One of the main reasons are scene is as great as it is has to do with each of us. We are all really good people with a purpose. Change is a slow process, but if we can put our whole celebration in one hand and change in the other, we can do alot. We have no boundaries and can go as far as we want. Our scene is well known to many people all over. The people involved behind the politics are a bunch of down to earth people who want to do alot. I guess what I would really like to see would be more women involved with what goes on in our scene. What we have now is quite male dominated, everything is done by males. They make the music, they play the music, they produce the events. Everything right now is done by men. We could go so much farther than we've come. I'd just like to thank the DJ's, promoters, ravers, and everyone who has given their life to this noble endeavor. It's sure exciting to be part of it all.

You can write to Woody and Sandra at: 1205 South 7th Street #8
Minneapolis, MINN 55415

Ministry of Truth's

OFFICIAL

Slightly Rave Orientated Crossword Puzzle




ACROSS

1. Seize the night- LATIN (two words)
8. Mr. _____ -Milw. DJ
12. Each Abbr.
13. I.V. Abbr.
14. _ & _ Music Factory
16. Blues _____ -Milw. House spot
17. A shitty rock band
19. 25th letter of the alphabet (just keepin' ya on yer toes)
20. MOT's beloved editor
22. Italian 'goodbye'
23. Metal popular in alloys
24. Attention abbr.
26. ____ - Bit
29. They allow your legs to bend
31. Dr. _____ -Chicago D.J.
32. watcha do with a needle
34. you row a boat with it
35. Smart drinks give you this
36. MOT voice mail
777- _____
37. Just write ACEBAG and don't ask what the hell it means.... it's real hard making crossword puzzles!
39. Alternating Current- abbr.
40. ____ Cola
41. Hardcore's 'opponent'
44. Santa ___, New Mexico
45. insert PAGIC- you try making a crossword puzzle, sometime!!!!
48. popular mosquito spray
50. First name of author of Dracula
51. Des Moines is here
53. To inquire

55. The worlds greatest drink co.
59. To talk wildly, as if in delirium
60. To feel remorse/ Sorrow, Regret
61. Not out
62. State of "Our Scene Kicks Ass" bumpersticker fame
63. Miles _____ - DJ
64. ____ Lincoln
65. Deceased member of MOT

DOWN

1. Large Illinois city
2. Midwest's RavePaper
3. Star of Scarface
4. Cigarette's drug
5. Temple ____ Psychick youth.... It's not that obvious
6. Freefest's Homeless Dancer
7. MDMA
8. To prohibit
9. A suffix
10. symbol for Lithium
11. ____ Lysergic Acid Diethylamide
16. Pigs (cops) say this
18. District Attorney- abbr.
21. 
25. Put you in a _____
27. Drunk- you might want a thesaurus for this one
28. Founder of Old Fashioned Rave Magazine (full name)
30. The newest Rave drug
33. syn. for Ovum
35. European Community- abbr
37. A Chicago rave zine
38. A Wisconsin pet name for Breakbeats/ A narcotic

39. A popular after-shave cream
41. 'Bitch is a ____'
42. Old French- abbr
43. Here's a gimme... Just write UF in the space and be happy
46. Again, just put ABWAA and shut up about it
47. Milwaukee's famous bust
49. Allright
51. Eisenhower's Nickname (us history buffs stick together, right?)
52. symbol for Osmium
54. Instrument of winter sport
56. ____ Smack- Chicago DJ
57. Busted Chi-town New Years Party
58. To feel remorse. AGAIN! This is gonna be a real clincher for ya, luckily it's printed somewhere in this issue!!!!
59. Room abbr
61. Iowa abbr

So there it is, MOT's first attempt at a crossword puzzle. If you think you figured it out, send in your results to the address below and you'll get the yet undetermined Really Neat Prize.....

Ministry of Truth
631 Seitz Ave.
Mayville, WI 53050



EASTSIDER

Tales From the Brew City Fringe

This episode: The All-Nighter

I was proud of myself for actually dragging myself out of bed Monday morning for classes. I went to school, then came home and crashed. Around two o'clock that afternoon I could hear Mandy and Nick talking about who would do dishes. They volunteered me. I decided that once I woke up, it would be a good day to go visiting people- since I wasn't in the mood to do dishes.

My first stop on the way to the campus was to visit Butch for a while. We discussed Mitch's studliness (a short conversation) and the effects of Nexus. He hoped that a planned afterhours for Grave Reverence at the Fuel cafe would work out.

I set off and eventually found myself at the UWM dorms, visiting Dan. He had classes soon, so we parted. I went to the UWM library and used the Mac's to write 'Cocaine'. Once this was accomplished, I walked down Frederick to visit Jodie. A visit to Jodie's always



seems to involve food, because she fed be some Oriental stuff. Rico also gave me a leftover Arby's

burger. I left with a full stomach.

A visit to this side of town always includes a trip to Sentry on Oakland for the much needed Mello Yello. I must note that most of the check-out girls at Sentry are redheads. Outside of Sentry I met the guy who works at George Webb's with the red tipped hair. We discussed/argued the Redhead Theory and also related our stories of freaky people we have met. My story: the senile ex-busdriver from Shorewood. His story: The eccentric penny collector of UW Madison. I also brought up how Mandy and Nick had seen a Cockroach at George Webb's the

night before and he assured me that there were many more where that one came from. This delighted me, for I have never actually seen a Cockroach. A trip to George Webb's was imminent.



Another guy showed up that kept calling the George Webb guy 'Peterson', so I assume that's his name. The other guy claimed he was drunk for the entire summer preceding and said he could prove it. I didn't delve.

I walked down Oakland and decided to visit Julie

(who, by the way, is a redhead and works at Sentry) and Liza. When I got there, I knocked on the door. In my traditional manner, I kicked it. I happened to notice that the window by the door was broken, and glass was everywhere. A frightened Sasha (or whatever her name is) answered the door. I entered the house and everyone was freaked out because they thought I was the guy who broke the window. I sat around the place for awhile, listening to story after story about some Darryl guy beating on the house with a skateboard and getting arrested. Everyone was tense, so I headed out.



I walked back home and found that no one had done the dishes and figured more visiting was a wised choice than hanging around.

I began walking down Farwell, writing Al Pacino in the places I had missed



the other million times I walked down that street. When I reached the funeral home and began writing, my hand turned red. I figured it was Joe and his damn laser again, so I continued walking. I couldn't figure out where he was shooting it from.

Since Joe's pad was just around the corner, I thought I'd head over and meet him. When I buzzed his place, there was no answer, so I left a nice Al Pacino on his front door.

I walked down Oakland/Cambridge to Walgreens, passing some street work by Kinko's.

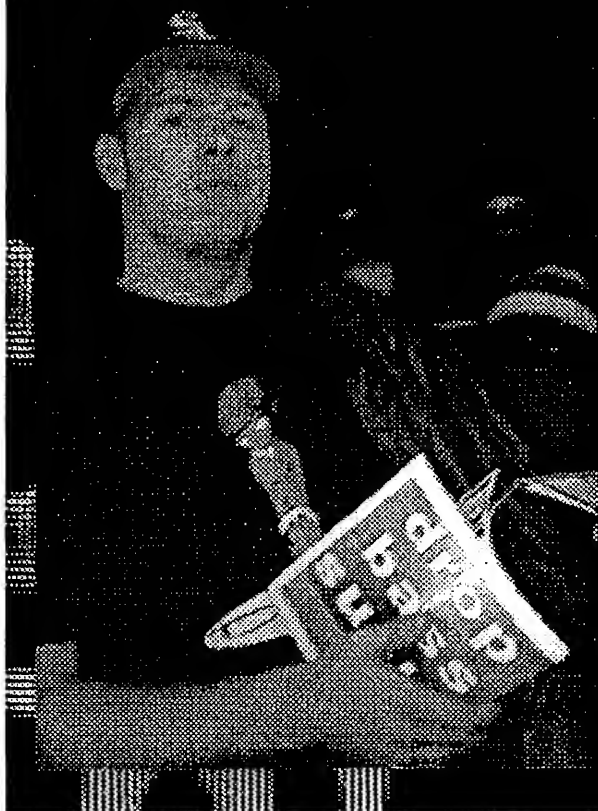
At Walgreens, I talked to Diane about her getting me one of those rings with a ball on it to put in my piercing. I glanced outside and saw Jeremy waving at me. I bid Diane farewell and caught up with Jeremy, Aaron, Faith, and Angela. They were busy writing Mista Mina all over with chalk.

We walked up to Franklin to find Jesse and Jason, but they weren't home. We then went across the street into some apartment that smelled like rotten milk and had the bumper of a Trans Am hanging on the wall. I couldn't stand the smell, so Jeremy and I took off. We headed for Webb's, in search of Cockroaches. On the way we kept hearing these loud explosions and figured it was a car backfiring.

As we walked, our feet began to be hit by red rays of light. Joe and his damn laser again. We found Joe up in the complex across from Webb's and joined him while he shot people inside the restaurant. Brian showed up and we all went inside.

The people we were shooting at turned out to be Julie and her boyfriend; which she was really pissed about because she thought that they were going to get showered with bullets or something. She slugged me, which I didn't appreciate much.

As we sat, (which is the extent of what anyone does at George Webb) the police showed up and began blockading the parking structure and eventually blockaded that entire section of Farwell. In the meantime; Aaron, Angela, and faith had also arrived.





We went outside and watched the cops search the area. They were there in response to the explosions we heard and saw earlier (one of which was inside the garage). We thought it would be cool to call the News, so we did, and Action 12 eventually showed up.

We went inside the garage and watched the cops. One cop, Officer Bohl, was one of the cops that arrested Me, Philip, and Carl a month earlier. He was the prickly one.

The cops found a bunch of exploded soda bottles and a bag with a beheaded squirrel. We made a point of getting on Action 12's camera. Firetrucks showed up later on and then everything quieted down. We went back inside Webb's. I found out that,

while we were outside, I missed a Cockroach crawling up the wall-Dammit. Some kid was getting Alpine Green Manic Panic applied to his hair. We convinced some hippydude that we all belonged to a cult that worshiped Al Pacino.

When we got bored, Jeremy, Angela, Faith, Aaron, Joe, and myself all piled into Faith's car and drove to Angela's house for some reason. On the way we sang and danced to old Ska songs and Bob Marley tunes. Mandingo!

We all got out and hung out on like 90th and National for awhile and then we all piled back into the car and drove back to the East side. We ended up at Joe's house.

While at Joe's, Brian showed up (he lives with Joe). Brian had some cravings for Pot and Aaron wanted to show off his purple bong. So, at 4:30 in the morning, they went out, bought pot, came back, and got high. I had my own cravings for coffee, so I could stay awake, but there was no water due to the streetwork by Kinko's. This technicality also made it hard for them to use the bong, but ice-cubes did the trick.

We headed for Ma Fischers (except Joe) for some fine caffeine. Within five minutes,

Angela managed to spill a whole cup on the table, which complicated things. The rest of the visit consisted of Brian and Aaron competing in 'Yo Mama' jokes. Jeremy and Angela got into some huge sexism fight that resulted in her storming out of the place. I'd go into detail, but I failed to comprehend anything they said because I was in a coffee-induced stupor. Nonetheless, this occurrence killed the vibe and we eventually parted. I began walking home at seven in the morning. I found a shopping cart by the library and pushed it home. When I got back, some bum was in our driveway with a cart of his own. We compared carts and then went our ways.

I think the shopping cart adds a nice accent to the living room this fine Tuesday morning. I can only imagine the look on Mandy's face when she wakes up and finds it there.

SPINe

Ministry of Truth



414-777-EXTC



Hello there folks...this is your friendly neighborhood Brad, cold-chillin with my IBM, trying to quickly piece together my contribution to the MASSIVE project before Matt runs off to the printers without me. Well, this is the one year anniversary of my first rave experience and I must say that its been quite a year...I've met hordes of incredible people, started a magazine and since put out three issues, began DJing and have spent ungodly amounts of money on music, etcetera. Quadrasonic would like to salute all of those who spent their Halloween evening last year sitting on the floor at 710 W. Virginia, being harassed, having your wrists scratched to hell from the overlight handcuffs, and being treated as criminals for dancing...your positive behavior and sticking together proved once and for all that our community will never cease to gather together and dance with a smile amongst people in tune with the same vibe. Anyway, look for the next full issue of Quadrasonic coming in mid-November featuring exclusive interviews with Underground Resistance and others, a HUGE DJ Playlist and record review section, essays, photos, letters, and more...professionally printed for your aesthetic enjoyment. Remember the following...

- a)there's more to life than 180bpm's.
- b)Nitrous Oxide destroys your brain.
- c)Rave is what you make it.
- d)Pussy ass house music is where it all began.
- e)Quadrasonic likes you.

At any rate, thank you's and respects to the following folks...Disco Family Plan and the other GRAVE promoters, K8, DropBass (we forgive you for leaving us off the MobyAphexOrbitaletc. invite), all the MASSIVE contributors, Heather UnderOneSky, Network 10, NickNico, UR, Lynne, Ami, and all of you who faithfully support the underground worldwide...we dedicate this magazine to you.



Guerilla

QUADRASONIC PICK'S

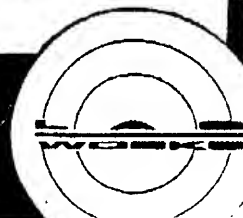
AcidTransAmbient

- 1)Underworld...Rez (Junior Boys Own, UK)
- 2)Freaky Chains...Halleffuge (Exhibition, US)
- 3)Energy 62...Cafe Del Mar (EyeQ, Germany)
- 4)Given Valt...L'Esperanza (EyeQ, Germany)
- 5)Dee Rex...Temple Of Gals (Lunatic, Germany)
- 6)CJ Bolland...Camargue (rnx)(R&B, Belgium)
- 7)Pulse...At The New Place (Hartbees, Germany)
- 8)Orbita...Luch3 (CJ Bolland mix)(Internet, UK)
- 9)DJ ESP...Natural Glow Ep (Experimental, US)
- 10)Hardfloor...TB Resurrection (Hartbees)
- 11)Byzzy...Discovery Ep (Rising High, UK)
- 12)44.1 K-Hurts (Deceit Int'l, Holland) (re-entry)
- 13)Frankfurt Ep (Black Label, Germany)
- 14)DJ ESP...AD Ep (Labworks, Germany)
- 15)L. Garaler...A Bort De Seuffe (FNAC, France)

ProgressiveHouseyStuff

- 1)Mellow Mellow...I Cant Stop (Mackillen, Belgium)
- 2)Funky Disco & New Groove...Funky Groove (Wizz)
- 3)30 Orbita...The AfterLife Ep (Red Seal, UK)
- 4)LM'S...No Good For Me (FNAC, France)
- 5)Fathers Of Sound...Revelations (IT, UK)
- 6)Beach Flea Ep (Other, UK)
- 7)Popcorn...Jazz n Go (Two Thumbs Up, Belgium)
- 8)The Drum Club...Sound System (Big Life, UK)
- 9)Dave Angel...New Orchestration (FNAC, France)
- 10)God Within Ep (Hardisco, US)
- 11)Worlds Happily Ep (White Label, Italy)
- 12)FHC...A Fever Called Love (rnx) (Rising High, UK)
- 13)Whirlpool feat. Mel Torme...Fly Hi (Logis, UK)
- 14)Project...Miracle Of Life (Network, UK)
- 15)Stanz...Joy (Champion, UK)

Quadrasonic
 3710 S. 15th St.
 Sheboygan, WI
 53081
 U S A
 (414)452-0442



goad.



This is a sort of Quadrasonic award system for DJ's...the grammy's of the midwest underground. Please understand that we can't be everywhere at once and this is just our opinions...if you disagree, write and tell us.

- 1) Lenny Dee (New York) at Geneale...31 July 1993.
- 2) Mark Farina (Chicago) at Transcend The Body...17 April 1993
- 3) MindDrive (Madison) at BioFunk...25 September 1993.
- 4) Terry Mullen (St.Louis) - Hyperactive (Chicago) at Pollenation.15 May 1993
- 5) Miss Meads (Chicago) at Love Nation...13 March 1993.
- 6) EBP Woody McBride (Minneapolis) at Transcend The Body...17 April 1993.
- 7) John Acquaviva (Detroit) at Rave New World...6 Feb 1993.
- 8) Marde Mark (San Francisco) at Psychoele...3 April 1993 (yeah, short set)
- 9) Mytelo Bill (Chicago) at Joy...25 December 1992.
- 10) Dr. Alex Patterson (Orb) at Metro...20 October 1993.

Saying N2O Drugs...

I was first introduced to nitrous oxide about a year ago at a club called "The Option" in Green Bay. Although, this dive was far off the beaten track as far as raves go, Atomik Boys sold smart drink there. On one cold day, they were also sellin nitrous cartridges. So, for a buck, I got my first taste of the dentist's and dead head's best friend.

Since then, I helped Claude with Cyberphunk and spent about \$20 to \$40 or so on hippy crack and thought nothing of it...until, I went to Smooth, a production of Network 10. At Smooth, I saw the gas of the gods destroy not only braincells but any hint of a vibe that could have started. It was like a fucking high school dance and no one was dancing...no one. After the first hour, the ten of us who were dancing got sick of being stared at by the junkies on the wall and joined them.

It was that night that I passed out and crashed into a flight of cement steps. After that, I gained a huge lump on my melon and a new perception of my drug use. Since then, I've had maybe five balloons...not bad for the five months that have gone by. That's one reason I was so happy at Mideon.

After Mideon, my car had mud all over it because the car in front of mine had a tank. Junkies were standing on my bumper and passed out on my hood (although I scared the shit out of them when I started the car).

Anyway, time to get to the point. Nitrous is fun but destructive. One of my friends can hardly remember my name these days. Nitrous is not a life or the great loss in this universe. I'm not asking for a complete



REGISTRATION
CENTER AT

Written By Ben

Aphex Corner

Richard James is an incredible musician, plain and simple. With the newly acquired distribution (and subsequent popularity) of his latest work, *Surfing on Sine Waves*, a resurgence of original Aphex soundscapes have been popping up here and there. Firstly, Belgium's R & B records has taken upon the task of releasing the very first two Eps from Mr. Abx, *Digimad* and *Xylum Tube*. These two pieces of experimental techno history are timeless and a must have for any serious collection. Mr. James' own label, *Rephlex* has also began the re-releasing process by pulling out the two songs which originally appeared on the *Cautious Windows* picture-disc as well as the original "We are the music makers" and another track mmmmmmm...good. The first *Aneleuge Bubblebath* has also risen from its vinyl home in the sky to grace the turntables of the unfortunate, rereleased by *Mighty Force*, UK. In new Aphex Twin works, check out the third *Universal Indicator* (yellow this time) on *Rephlex* as well as the Aphex Twin remixes of *Seefed's* latest...excellent spacey ambient stuff. Mr. James will be performing live at the Metro on 6 November...call Drop Base for info.

**You are
dumb, and
stupid.**

ENTERTAINMENT

**DON'T FORGET, THE
OFFICIAL FREE ART FUN
LINE: (312) 509- 4931. I**

HOPE TO HAVE A MEETING OF THE
FUNSTERS, A DRINK COFFEE AND
TALK ABOUT OUR FUTURE KIND OF
EVENT IN THE NEAR FUTURE. I think
it's time to sit down and examine where things
are going... hopefully it will be a daytime thing
at some cafe or something... give me a call if
you know of any place (preffably in or near the
Chi-town area, things seemed so fucked up and
we of Chicago have to work shit out)...PHIL



"MENEKUM!!"
FUTUR!!

GH2PACNEZ
FUTUR!!

For all of you who don't know, FREE ART is a
little Chicago based publication that comes out
every so often. Started last July by me, Phil,
and my buddy, Gene, as little drawings that we
passed out at BRAINDANCE I. It's art and fun
messages to the masses. Although I did quit
doing it, I felt that Chicago needs a positive
toilet reading mag right now. Things are pretty
fucked and we have to get things back on the
right track....

SOMETIN FOR ALL THA LADEES IN THE HOUSE



by Phil

One day I was talking to a girl friend of mine. We were talking about the whole "rave" thing. I asked her if the whole thing was male dominated. She said yes. She's absolutely correct. There are more male DJ's, Promoters, and artist. Why is that?? I personally would like to see more input from the females. Throw up a magazine. Get to flex your DJ skills (c'mon, there's gotta be one female who's got crazy DJ skills.) Throw parties. Don't just follow the guys... I mean, the whole Chicago scene is dominated by males... look where it's getting us (don't take no offense guys). Look at some of the events that Patty Ryan threw (remember her from last year). Pam of Crisp Productions gave us Love Nation & Jive Society (yeah it got busted... but it was fun while it lasted). Not to mention those truly fun 500 W. Cermak parties. C'mon ladies, time to start runnin' tings!!! Peace out to all the ladies who make the scene fun. Without you, it would just be a bunch of male on drugs boppin thier heads to beats from loud speakers... not fun at all.

This page is dedicated especially dedicated to certain persons who are victims of things that I said. I want to publicly apologize to you two. I hope things can get back to the way they used to be because I've really enjoyed going out with you two and I'll certainly miss you both if things can't be the way they once were...



G93

DON'T ASK
ME TO EXPLAIN
THIS ONE...

FEMALE COVERED
WITH A FLANNEL BLANKET
WEARING NO SHOES AND
HOLDING A BIG FAT
MADYER...

CHICAGO
ROCK CITY ARTS

All the while Bohl was just being a total prick and insinuating that Matt was a transvestite. Maybe he is, but that is none of their damn business.

We were all thrown into cop cars. Matt and I had some pretty cool officers up front. On the way to jail we talked about cool stuff, like how much their salary was, and if they bcould make more money selling drugs. Oh yah, I forgot Matt had really bad gas, and if you know anything about cop cars you know the windows don't roll down. Carl was in another car.

At the station we were searched again. I had to take out all my jewelry, even my bell-e-button and nipple ring. That severely pissed me off.

We were held in cells next to a rather large blackman, of whom the cops warned us not to piss off. The cells were shit. Some of the sayings scratched into the wall were sorta funny. Matt had a safety pin so we added a few of our own.

At six in the morning, we were released at 4th and Locust. This is not a good neighborhood. We had no idea what to do so we called Mandy and begged for a ride.

Today Oct. 26th 1993 we had court. My fine is \$319.00, Matt and Carls are something around \$160.00. So if you happen to have some money you don't need it would be very appreciated.

Ministry of Truth
11339 Underwood ct.
Wauwatosa, WI.
53226

That is my address.

THLIX



Wisconsin
we eat people



WATERWORKS

four guys who would fuck the wall of sound they could

414

256

1379

INFORMATION

WATERWORKS

four guys who would fuck the wall of sound they could.

FACT- Whitetail deer from the northern range have larger bodies than those living in southern parts. Generally- bigger body, bigger rack.

Well, here we go in MOT 12. My writing debut, although I've been around since day one, it's taken me over a year to finally write something. The thing is, I really don't know what to put down on paper here. I could write about recent events, but why? If you were there, you already know about it, and if not, oh well. No good party can be written about with justice and any bad party is not worth writing about. I could write about drugs, but why? If ya like 'em, cool, if not, you should. I could write about hardcore, but why? If you like it, cool, if ya don't, then why even read this, or better yet, put the entire zine back where ya found it. I could write about house, but why? If ya like it, you should really think seriously about getting a life. Or at least a new haircut. What I think I will write about is stuff that's really cool. Deer are really rad. No animal in the eyes of Ministry of Truth is more sacred or beautiful. The power of Rotterdam and the mighty buck, which rhymes with Fuck. The next topic: Porn. "Porn is cool."-Abe Lincoln. Nothing tops a good issue of Busty. 44DD is the only way to go, with the nipples the size of saucers. Pantera is also really cool. Mouth for War at 10:00 in the morning when your getting home from a party and your parents from church really helps family communication.

Well, there it is, a few things that are pretty hip. All in all, pretty fuckin' redundant and no fucking point, hey? Good, cuz that's also pretty cool.

S & K

And in the rest of
the world.....

I was on campus, walking back from my history class, when I passed by a virtual graveyard of tombstones. Each marker had written upon it a name of an endangered or extinct species of an animal. I was then approached by a W I S P I R G representative. I was asked if I'd mind signing a postcard to be sent to Senator Herb Kohl that would hopefully influence him to vote on a bill that would renew the endangered species act. I gladly signed. Because I could offer no other assistance to this important cause, I offered to mention their group in MOT. Their address is given below....

WISPIRG
306 North Brooks
Madison, WI
53715

I believe it is important for us, as ravers, to affix ourselves to causes that will make the world a

better place. In our own little world, we have managed to create a peaceful movement that will one day change the world. With identifying ourselves to certain causes, we will gain more recognition to what we stand for and

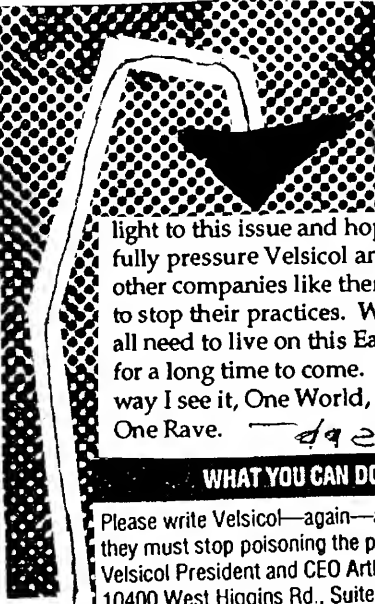
what our goals are. In working to do something good, we will also unify and make what we are part of more purposeful....

Included is a piece stolen from CHA (with the best intentions).

Eco-Issue

We wanted get out some info for you on some destruction coming right from our backdoor. A company located in the Chicago suburb of Rosemont has been under attack by Greenpeace and other environmental action groups for its pesticide exports. This Company, Velsicol, has been exporting two particular pesticides, heptachlor and chlordane, that have been banned in the United States since it was discovered that they cause cancer and remain in our environment for decades. Despite these health and environmental risks, Velsicol continues to export these insecticides to countries with less stringent policies on the general usage of pesticides.

Greenpeace has been waging a letter writing campaign against Velsicol for several months. We want to get the rave scene involved since this is a very real problem where we can affect change right in our own area. When I first read of this problem, I was alarmed to find that Velsicol was centered in Rosemont. I have always imagined these types of companies to be some place else. So I am set to see change here, in my part of the world. I don't want to live where companies produce products that are unsafe for our planet. So please, find the time to write Velsicol's CEO. I know they may be one smaller company that is part of a much larger problem, but we need to start somewhere. If everyone took the time to write we can draw



light to this issue and hopefully pressure Velsicol and other companies like them to stop their practices. We all need to live on this Earth for a long time to come. The way I see it, One World, One Rave. —da end

WHAT YOU CAN DO:

Please write Velsicol—again—and tell them they must stop poisoning the planet. Write Velsicol President and CEO Arthur Sigel at 10400 West Higgins Rd., Suite 600, Rosemont, IL 60018-3713. Or fax them at 708-298-9014.



Clothing for the Abnormal
2621 N. HACKETT AVE.
MILWAUKEE WI 53211
414-332-5477
just off of Downer Ave.

REPRESENTING:

**FRESH JIVE, 24-7, GYPSYS & THIEVES,
3RD RAIL, 26 RED, SJOBECK, JAISEL,
KIK WEAR, QUICKSILVER, PIRATE SURF,
DINWIDDIES, BETSY JOHNSON, STELLA,
MAIA, SPOT, ERCOLI, MAN TRAP,
DR. MARTENS, VANS, AIRWALK.**

HOURS:

**TUES-SAT 12-8 P.M.
SUN 12-5 P.M.**

Off the phone
lines. Biofunk...

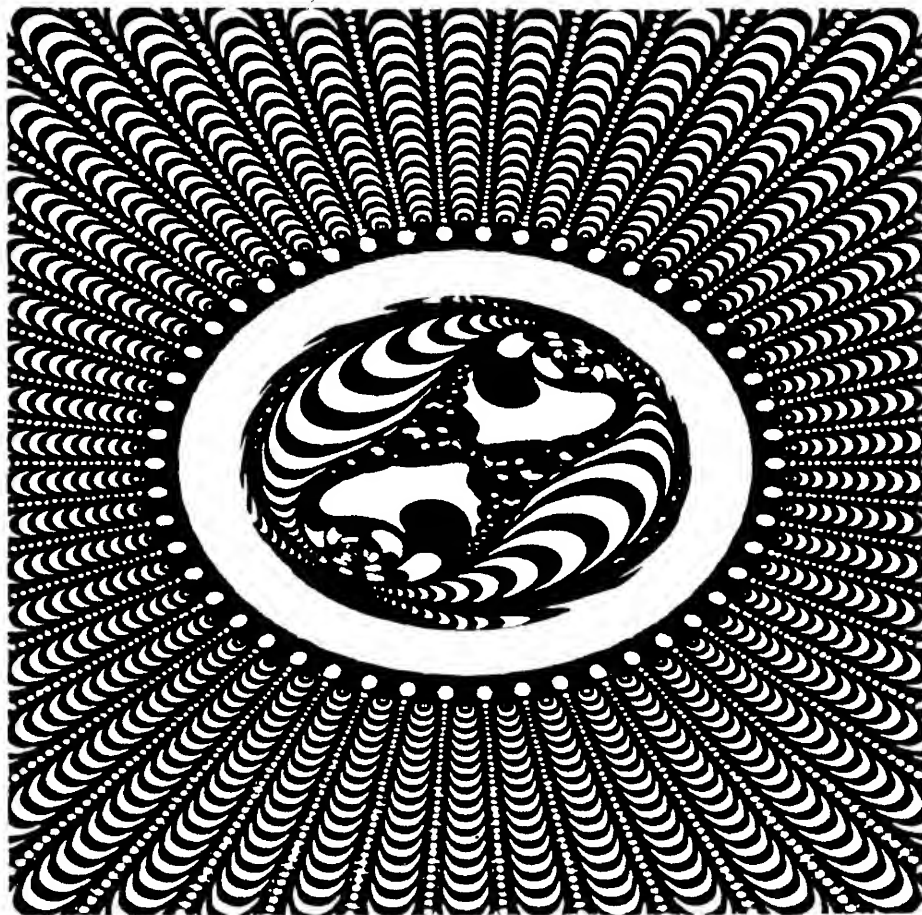
-I feel like I got
ripped off by the
Gravity Project at
Biofunk, even though
I got in for free.

-Alright, 1st of
all, that Biofunk
really, really
sucked, they had it
at a bar with some
cheesy band, man
whatever-with a
flyer that good, man
they need a really
good rave. It seems
that someone
should've stole the
flyer and let Drop
Bass have it because
it's not worth some
stupid motherfuckers
who are in it just
to make money

-Hey there, this is
Mike from T.B. I
thought I'd call up
and see what was on
your v-mail lately.
That was a pretty
fucked up party in
Madison-you can
quote me on that

-I totally agree
with what you had to
say about those G
guys. The thing that
pisses me off the
most is their
message, their
comment back to drop
bass, what Kurt said
about them? Well,
they came off,
trying to sound so
cool using big
words, where when
all it came down to
was "Uh, duh were a
bunch of fuckheads
and were gonna try
to fuck up the crowd
even more by putting
some big words in
there cuz we know
they're so fucking
stupid." Well
they've exploited us
once in a bar and
they gonna exploit
us again ya know the
only good things
those guys have ever
fuckin thrown was
pollenation and that
was a big fucking
fuck-up anyway. If
you ask me I think
those guys are a
bunch of wussies
anyway. I wouldn't
go in like that and
I wouldn't go out
like that. I think
they better do
something to win back
some faith or
something cuz that's
not what Raving's
all about-A noted
Authority

**IN-HOUSE PRODUCTIONS
PRESENTS
HOUSE NATION**



**EVERY THURSDAY NIGHT WITH
D.J. SMOOVE
BLUES OASIS 2433 N. HOLTON**

We had the right of way but humans are prone to screw the easiest things up. Andrea and I were ridin' the town in our stretch Schwinn, I call it a stretch cause it's actually too small for two but it's O.K. for our standards. Any ways we were behind a B.E. office building and the B.E. security goon comes and turns swerved practically into us. I him by though and missed three or four feet, so being the wise ass punk I am, I give the prick a few words to think about. I know now, that the mentality of most people is way below mine and that for me to even waste two squirts of piss on most people is just too much. Fortunately my luck kicked in and I pissed off this security gaurd who was in a pick up truck! Hail the luck of a loser. I guess he was pissed that I got pissed cause He almost hit us so he was getting all reved up, squealing tires and starts chasing us.



I wasn't worried at all, in fact I'm pretty good at dealing with the B.E. security idiots. B.E. is this big corperation that South Milwaukee was built on. They make big shovels and crane scoops and gears and It pretty much takes up more land in this city than any other business or estate. When we were younger, like five years ago we used to skate in the parking lots and around the different buildings. The B.E. bitch (we actually used to make her job a job) would always kick us out but it didn't matter cause we'd just come back and let her boot us again. Anyway I figured that I can't be riding two people on my schwinn and expect this nerd to not catch up, so I stopped. This is the part where Andrea reminds me that he could hit us by yelling "Oohhhh ZZAAAK!" right in my car. Sure enough he couldn't stop in time and smashes into us. I heard Andrea kinda moan but I figured she was fine or she'd be real loud. I don't know what it was but I was really pissed, I didn't know if the stupid little accident had messed anything up and I was already smashing the guys limbs in his door as he was trying to get out. Then he got out and I scared the shit outa him like I was gonna kill him or something. The expression on his face was great because he knew that we didn't do anything odd and that he was just an all around complete idiot. A buncha people in the tâco-hell parking lot probably thought I was crazy. My bike was O.K. and Andrea's ass hurt but she dosen't drink enough milk anyway. I was thinking about saying, "hey butt-face gimmie some money so I don't call your boss or the pigs!" but I'm a reasonable fella and I understand that humans suck.



Stupid
FUK



STARK
REALITY
READ EYES

At least the handcuffs weren't that tight. When under the stress of being arrested the last thing I needed to be was uncomfortable I wish I could be a cop. I'd totally abuse my badge. Breakin' into places, taking drugs from dealers and keeping them for myself. Anyway, the fuckers looked at me like I was insane. "Drugs, sex and rocknroll" was written all over my face and "jealousy" was written all over theirs. It's pretty cool how they tore apart my room and took a buncha shit besides what they were actually looking for. A picture of a friend (Dan of sound off zine), an ashtray and S.R. #8. The dumb fuks forgot the three full whip-its and my cracker. Oh well, at least I can thank 'em for leaving me one last buzz. Supposedly they thought I was a gangster/skinhead. I must have made a good impression for all the G's and skins cause I was smarter than all the pigs in the shop. Mr. Drug Detective was probin' me with questions. I answered using all my english skills I could tell he was suprised. I remember staring that fat pig straight in the eye till I could see him feeling uncomfortable. My buddy had creamed one of his kind earlier, he just flipped out and fucked up two cops.

I wonder if that pig was afraid of me. I'm not afraid of cops anymore, I won't let them phase me...I HATE COPS. I wanna change the natural occurrence of things. I want cops to be afraid of me. Not only me, but all radical youth in general. I guess that's one thing that we got in common, all us youth, we hate pigs. Let's not see another pig beat another person. It's our turn.

I TRUS
I LOVE MY
AND WILL RES
I WILL F
AND STRI
BUT WIN
I WILL
DO MY

T IN GOD
Y COUNTRY
SPECT ITS LAWS
PLAY FAIR
IVE TO WIN
OR LOSE
ALWAYS
Y BEST.



Peace Poem
 inspiration in my land
 is so VERY easy that
 killings,
 in
 wars,
 make my brothers and
 sisters proud and
 seemingly
 happy...



Green Day

Two different bands. Two different decades. But the similarities are fascinating. Both bands have that "poppy" sound about them, both bands have songs about girls, both bands were (or are) very successful... But do the similarities end there? I think not. Take for instance the Green Day song "At the Library" a nice song, and yes, it speaks clearly to the young males of today... but not quite as elegantly as "Good Girls Don't" by the Knack, which by the way, displays a fine bit of harmonica playing,

VS

something not found on Green Day albums, and "Good Girl's Don't" also does a better job of examining a young boy's lust for a girl, than say, Green Day's "The Judge's Daughter". This song does have a nice guitar solo, although it was over dubbed, something the Knack need not do, for the fact that they have two guitarists. We now examine the song "Going to Pasalaqua" by Green Day, and while it's catchy and relays the frustrations one may feel in everyday life (sexual or otherwise) it's not quite as effective as "Frustrated" by the Knack, an excellent little ditty about frustration (sexual or otherwise) which you'll find yourself humming at work or in study hall. Green Day has a song ("Green Day") about smoking pot, and that's where they really lose points, for the Knack doesn't waste time doing or singing

The Knack

about doing illegal drugs, and would never glorify such a thing as Green Day does. Who needs drugs when there's girls? Ok, now you're saying "Hey, Green Day is on a punk label, the Knack ain't". Well, I won't debate whether or not Green Day is on a "punk" label or not, but you can definitely pick up the Knack's albums cheaper, just check the used record bins. Alright, I'll admit you might see more cute girls at a Green Day show, but they'll be drooling over that Billie Joe character, while at a Knack concert you'll be quite the dapper young handsome gentleman, in comparison to the likes of Doug Fieger. All in all, chances are if you like one band, you'll like the other, there's no need for competition in this hurly burly world, and we always need more bands with songs about girls, Don't we?

WHO DECIDES?



WHAT FOLLOWS ARE EXCERPTS FROM AN UP AND COMING ZINE IN MILWAUKEE CALLED 'MARIGOLDS ON STEROIDS'. THE WRITERS HAVE JUST TAKEN AN INTEREST IN THIS RAVE THING AND ALL IT HAS TO OFFER. INCLUDED WILL BE MY REACTIONS TO THEIR OBSERVATIONS. ENJOY. SPINE.



MARAGOLDS ON STEROIDS

Hello again. Back for yet another issue. Maragolds is growing at a tremendous rate, but I can't take all the credit. Daffy I thank for his article. Matt and Mitch from Ministry of Truth deserve many thanks for use of their article. Plus this issue would not have been printed so swiftly if it wasn't for a little gift from Matt. (Thank you, thank you, thank you!) I must also thank Joe from Freeport for transportation, and putting up with me. Ophelia gets credit, and salutations, for the cover art. And all the guys at VRave: Tint, Sauggles, Plul, Fish, Method One, paradigm- get credit for keeping me sane and laughing. Now for the list: Alan, Josh B., Zak, Kelly(not!), Image, Levy, Daffy, Martin, Kijanna, Bethabe, Jarhead, Brian(butthead), Erin, Mosher and Andy from Bradford England, Bryan (with a y) from Chicago and Sarge. And of course all ravers everywhere. Happy Halloween. Rave on!

I am sitting in Fuel on this sorry Friday night, observing. Eavesdropping, if you will. Watching people read Maragolds. They seem entertained, but..... One comment I overheard was, "This is a waste of paper." For one thing it's recycled.. Also, I don't see how they can call something someone puts their soul into a waste. In my opinion the Milwaukee Uringal is a gigantic waste of paper! Censored "news" and pages of ads that take up much more space than necessary, that's a waste of paper. So why do I do Maragolds, you ask. To entertain, to move people, to have them use their brains. If someone reads this and thinks, "This is a waste of paper." They were moved enough to create an opinion. If I can make people *think* for themselves, an often oppressed idea these days, how can it be a waste?

Technorave Freakout

The feeling of your ribs about to collapse from the exhaustion and the pounding of the bass. The trance-like state gotten through the repetition of the beat and the pounding of your feet. Technorave freakout is the addiction created by this sweltering scene. And I'm a junkie.

When at a rave I can be found on the dance floor pretty much all night. I'm always afraid that if I leave the dance, I'll lose the trance. I usually take 2 breaks both maybe a minute long then I dive right back in. The feeling at a good rave is hard to describe but I'll try my hand at it.

Word to describe the technorave freakout are: positive, wild, primal, mind-altering, trancey, elevating, illuminating, social, loving, caring, individual, unity, child-like, enhancing, exciting, space trip, futuristic, and euphoric. These are just a few, I could go on and make this article just words but we need more than that. Call me weird but I also think raves bring about a feeling of self-esteem. I've noticed that as people dance more and more into the night they care less about how they look and just improve on their happiness. This is a major factor in technorave freakout. People just start freaking and running all over. They look as stupid as hell but that doesn't matter. That's what this is all about, not worrying about how you look and just enjoying yourself and the other people around you. This brings about what everyone talks about and that is the unity of technorave.

Techno unites and mixes all types of music into one. The DJ's unite and mix the songs into one long stream of continuous grooves. The rave unites and mixes people of different cliques, races, sexes, and sexual preferences. The uniting going on at a technorave event is unbelievable.

When at a rave talk to everyone. A quote I picked up at a Chicago rave the other night I think fits here very well: "Let's start to get to each other. We have to come together and unite as the movement we claim to be!! Let's venture out of our own established cliques and circle of friends..." "Why do we have to judge people? "E" opens people up, we shouldn't have to use "E" to take away our inhibitions! We should be open to new people, and experiences." I got this quote from a Free Art flyer it was written by Phil. The guys got a great point and one everyone should consider. If you are going to use "E", don't use the "E" of ecstasy but the "E" of EQUALITY. Peace, Love, and Keep Freaking! Rave On!

- DJ Rackus

Rock Dead

Editor's Response to Technorave Freakout

I have to admit I am an addict too. I love the hypnotic beat, the lights, the people. But I don't agree with the last paragraph of that article. I tried to talk to everyone but so many people were caught up in their cliques. Most obviously, and ironically, the guys from Ministry of Truth. I am a newcomer to the scene but why do I have to be constantly treated like I don't belong? I'm supporting the same thing they are. I may not have the wardrobe, but why should I be ostracized for that? The amazing thing was how the people who didn't quite fit the raver stereotype were the ones that were the friendliest. It was especially bad at the afterhours. The people who consider themselves the 'hardcore' ravers were in abundance there. If people asked my friend Joe who I was (they didn't ask me, go figure!) he'd reply that I was paying for his gas home. And it was left at that. Why do I feel that because I'm a newcomer people should make an extra effort to make me feel welcome? Maybe so I come back and

support what they stand for? Maybe I feel that way 'cause that's what I'd do. I understand they want to keep things underground but selfishly casting out newcomers is not the way to make a good name for our scene. *TRAM*

WELL, FIRST OFF, I WAS HARDLY TO BE FOUND AT REJOICE- BECAUSE I WAS DOING THE LIGHTING ON THE HARDCORE FLOOR. MY ASSUMPTION IS THAT SHE HAD THE UNIQUE PLEASURE OF RUNNING INTO PHLIP IN THE COURSE OF THE NIGHT. PHLIP IS NOT THE BEST GUY TO RUN INTO, NAMELY, HE'S RUDE AS FUCK- BUT YA GOTTA LOVE HIM.

I ALSO DON'T BELIEVE THAT SHE WAS OSTRACIZED FOR NOT DRESSING LIKE A 'RAVER'--AT LEAST ON THAT NIGHT. ALL THE PHREAKS WERE OUT. AND IN MY CASE, I DON'T DRESS LIKE A RAVER EITHER- SAVE THE BAGGY PANTS, WHICH HAS BEEN MY TRADEMARK SINCE SECOND GRADE.

"SELFISHLY CASTING OUT NEWCOMERS..."????? WEREN'T WE ALL NEWCOMERS AT ONE TIME? I CAN'T PLAY A REFLECTIVE OMNIPRESENT EYE, BUT I'M SURE THAT THE FRIENDLINESS AND UNITY WERE THERE ON THAT REJOICEFUL SATURDAY NIGHT, SHE JUST DIDN'T FIND IT..... DON'T GIVE UP, CHUCK.

Hard Adventures

Rejoice was in Chicago brought to us by the ever growing Drop Bass. Rejoice was Reactor magazine's one year anniversary party and what a party it was!!

It was at a roller-skating rink that used to be a concert arena. Zeppelin, Hendrix, Jefferson Airplane and others had played there.

On Saturday Oct. 9 I ventured to my friend Joe's house to find they had already departed. I had to go! So, not knowing of anyone else who was going, I called Grayhound and found out a bus was leaving Milwaukee express to Chicago at 5:30. It was already 5:00 so I hightailed my ass downtown and made it with 5 min. to spare!

Arriving with the night to Chi-town, I found myself asking a cab driver to take me across town to Gramophone Records, the Map point, so I could get my ticket. The cabbie was cool and told me how to take the el train there. But then he asked for 5 of the \$3 he saved me by showing the way. I laughed and gave him a buck and two cigarettes. Being the fool I am, I got off the el at the wrong stop and had to walk 14 blocks to the record store. That made me 15 min. late to buy the tickets at that location. I begged them to let me in and tell me how to get to the other map point Wax Trax. When I told them I had to walk they offered me a ride. Eric and Josh were cool guys, even though they told me I was probably the only person who would ever say that.

Arriving at Wax Trax I got my ticket and had to figure out what the hell to do 'till midnight (when the party started) Slick as ever, I picked up a guy, Jon from West Chicago. We went to Burger King and then off to Rejoice.

The main dance floor was on the roller rink. The wall of sound was incredible. Plus they had 6 screens with great film loops.

If you walked through the arcade you found the hardcore room. Lasers filled the darkness and the music pounded. DJ E-FEX, (my personal favorite) spun a Hypnotic set. That put me in another world.

Dub Tribe, an awesome drum group, played the mainstage around 3 am. They play their drums over the techno and it sounds incredible. I danced and danced and danced....

I've heard that over 2,000 people were at the event, and I probably talked to half of them. The atmosphere was friendly and open.



Bram Stoker -
Author of Dracula

We stopped rejoicing at 6 am but moved to the afterparty at some cafe. In my opinion the afterparty sucked. The music was good as ever but the friendliness had seemed to deteriorate. Plus I had lost \$10 somehow through the night and couldn't get any coffee. Finally Joe gave me the signal to leave and we embarked on our journey home.

Overall the night (well, morning) was a rave of a lifetime. And I'm glad I Greyhounded it down. Thanks to Drop Bass, Reactor, NovaMute Records for the promo tape, Eric and Josh, Dan, Joe and Brian, and I can't leave out Kurt from DB and Matt from MOT (J/K)



MUCH OF THE LORE OF VAMPIRISM HAS BEEN ATTRIBUTED TO SUPERSTITION AND HYSTERIA HOWEVER BODIES OF SUSPECTED VAMPIRES HAVE BEEN EXAMINED AND FOUND FULL OF FRESH BLOOD WITH FRESH MUD ON THEIR FEET, WHICH WOULD SEEM TO BE EVIDENCE OF THE ACTUALITY OF THE BLOOD THIRSTY FORAGING OF THESE EVIL SPIRITS. THESE INVESTIGATIONS HAVE ALSO REVEALED THE TRAGEDY OF GOOD SPIRITS STILL UNRELEASED AT THE TIME OF BURIAL THESE HAVE WRITHED AND TWISTED IN AGONY TO DETACH THEMSELVES FROM THE MATERIAL BODY RATHER THAN REMAIN AND BECOME VAMPIRES

TripFun #1

Around your peak, take a pixie stick or sugar packet and empty it into your mouth. Then think about a sandy beach while concentrating on the feel of it on your tongue, teeth, throat. Tell yourself you have an entire beach in your mouth, or have a friend tell you, and just wait and see how thirsty you get!! I did this at the rave with a pixie stick. When I tried to wash it down w/ juke, I told my friend, as I drank, how hard it was to wash down a whole beach. Then we laughed our asses off!

This idea courtesy of my bud, Spin.

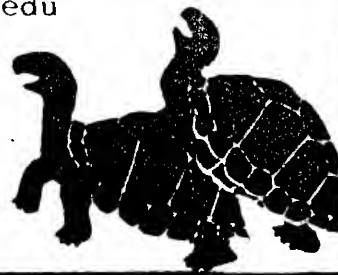
I GOT A BETTER IDEA, EAT SAND, AND IF IT TASTES LIKE A PIXIE STICK, YOU GOT THE GOOD SHIT.

LOOK!
RUE
Crossword
Hint

You can contact me on the internet: arana@csd4.csd.uwm.edu or at: Arana The Spider Sandburg Box #61 3400 N. Maryland Milwaukee, WI 53211

Vlad IV at lunch

But I don't have Voice mail, so I guess I'm just not ultra cool, huh?



The Beggar: Experience in the Windy City

I was scared. He wouldn't stop trying to get me to give him money. After 10 minutes, I'd had enough and headed for the escalator. I saw a security guard coming down and sighed relief.

This was my experience in an empty, (save the rats) underground 'el' station in Chicago. First, the man gave me a flyer for the Ronald McDonald House. When the station was empty, he approached me and asked for money for food, 'A dolla', jus' a dolla' ma'am. I need some meat ma'am." I said I was sorry I had no money to spare. He kept begging, saying various compliments among his pleas. When he asked me where I stayed, being the fool I am, I said Milwaukee. When I realized how dumb I was, I made sure he knew I didn't have any money but my bus ticket home. Also I told him my friends were expecting me. I gave in and gave him the 50 cents change from my el fare. He could hear I had more change and continued to beg. I told him I couldn't spare any more. I gave him a brownie I had brought from home. I lit a cigarette, he wanted one, and he ended up pocketing my lighter too. He started accusing me, say I thought he was a fool and that he could see I thought he was crazy. I should have left then, because this is when I got really frightened. I realized he could pull a gun or something. I could've never fought him off. He finally convinced me to give him the rest of my change. He now had about \$1.50. As he asked again how much cash I had, he went for my hip pack. I moved back and was as assertive as I dared be, "None of that," I said. I was afraid I'd piss him off but I told him I'd already given over a dollar and I asked him to leave me alone. That's when I went for the escalator and saw my savior security guard. Right then the el came and I rejoiced at the sight of a full train.

I still feel like a fool, but he had me trapped and there was nothing I could do. Anyway, \$1.50 out of \$30.00 isn't a great loss. I didn't used to mind giving to beggars but this guy pushed it way too far. Doesn't he realize I'm never going to give to a beggar again? I know how stupid it was for me to be alone in the el station in the first place, but a cabbie had showed me the way there. I was only alone because my friends left for Chicago without calling me first.

I'm lucky, I get to learn from this experience. I've never been mugged or assaulted, but this was close enough for comfort. I've finally lost the "It could never happen to me" attitude. I can't change what happened but I can change my actions in the future. From now on the Buddy System will prevail.

HERE'S MY LIST OF THINGS TO DO IF A BUM MESSES WIT' CHA.

1. GIVE THEM AN APPLICATION TO McDONALDS/ TELL THE FUCKER TO GET A JOB.
2. YELL AT THEM. SAY "I JUST GOT OUT OF JAIL- SO DON'T FUCK WITH ME!"
3. ACT LIKE YOUR RETARDED/ MENTALLY INSTABLE/ TALK TO YOURSELF. IF THEY THINK YOUR FUCKED UP THEY'LL LEAVE YOU ALONE.
4. TELL THEM YOUR HOMELESS AND DEMAND MONEY FROM THEM.
5. TELL THEM THAT YOU JUST GAVE THEM MONEY. THROW IN A NICE LOUD, "GREEDY MOTHERFUCKER!"
6. STRIKE UP A CONVERSATION WITH THEM THAT SOUNDS LIKE IT'LL LAST FOREVER/ FOLLOW THEM AROUND.

THESE HAVE ALL WORKED QUITE WELL FOR ME IN THE PAST. IF YOU HAVE ANY ADDITIONS TO THIS LIST, SEND IT IN, AND I'LL TEST IT OUT ON FARTWELL POINT IN MILWAUKEE- MY FAVORITE PLACE TO MESS WITH THOSE PANHANDLING TYVES.

ACTION-
PACKED
FIRST
ISSUE!

PURE HYPE



#1
SEPT
1993
FREE



NOTE: SUCH AN INCIDENT WAS REPORTED IN
THE BIG SUR AREA IN CALIF., 1973

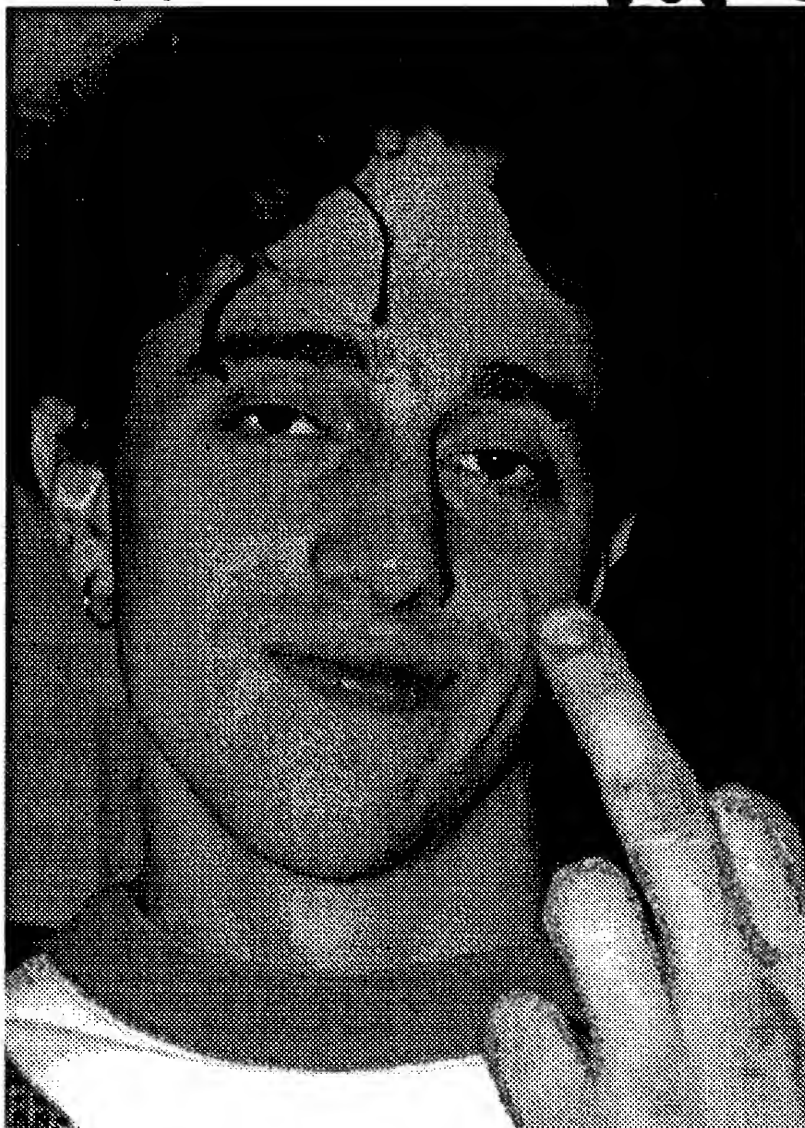
FEATURING: Sex, Lies and A Refreshing Flow of Mental Illness

The following is from a st. Louis zine called Pure Hype. Mitch picked it up in Chicago. I hope they don't mind that we included it in Massive... there was no address or # to inquire. We also modified some of the layouts to make it more readable or to fit within our constraints. We hope the style of Pure Hype is still theirs after this work. Read On.

1 TO 6 PLAYERS AGES 6 TO ADULT



MINISTRY OF TRUTH



414. 777. EXTC

Fried Literature

KEEP READING UNTIL IT MAKES SENSE, OR WILL IT?

DONT BE FOOLED IT'S REALLY JUST A TAB OF BLUE CONSTRUCTION PAPER
THE PEOPLE AROUND YOU ARE ACTING FUNNY BECAUSE THEY'RE PAID
PROFESSIONALS SENT HERE BY GOD TO CONVINCE YOU THAT THE SPIRIT IS
NOT IN THE CHURCH NO IT'S NOT IN YOUR TEACUP OR MELTING IN YOUR WET
FINGERS NO BROTHERS IT IS FLOWING FROM THE PEOPLE AROUND YOU AND
ONCE YOU UNLOCK THE MYSTERY OF JANIS JIMI JIM AND JOHN YOU REALIZE
THAT MR. WHIPPLE WAS THE ANTI-CHRIST ALL ALONG BUT THAT ITS COOL
BECAUSE THEY LET YOU SQUEEZE THE CHARMIN IN HELL AND THEN YOU
EMERGE ONE WITH YET INDIVIDUALLY PACKED IN YOUR OWN JUICES THE
GRAND SCHEME OF REALITY YOU'VE COPEDED WITH EVER SINCE YOU CAME OUT
OF YOUR MOM ON YOUR BIRTHDAY THAT ONE YEAR YOU DIDN'T GET A CAKE
ITS ALL CLEAR THAT ONE DAY THE PAPER PEOPLE WILL GET THOSE TRACERS
OFF OF RUNWAY TWO SO THE FLIGHT FROM ARIZONA CAN LAND AND LET LIFE
RETURN TO NORMAL IN THE LAND OF MAKE BELIEVE. THIS IS NOT A TEST.

by



YOU

To Find the Hidden Meaning

?

Do it now while
no one is
looking



Do you Read Between the Lines

NOTES FROM THE UNDERGROUND

GENESIS - 7/31/93 - M.A.R.S.

Yet another Off Limits party, with lots and lots and lots of fog. The free bananas and oranges were cool, as was the spirit of giving among those few hundred or so that attended. The music ranged from O.K. to alright. Fortunately someone had some acid and a Terry Mullan mix tape in his car. M.A.R.S. has thrown better parties, and hopefully Tribes of Unity (9/25/93) will redeem them.



NOCTURNAL WONDERLAND - 8/11/93
Mr. Ephedrine

Possibly the best party St. Louis has seen since Circus was busted back in February. Huge turnout from the local scene, as well as aliens from Milwaukee, Madison, and Chicago. Totally fresh warehouse was a welcomed change from 75 Maryland Plaza and the old Off Limits teen club out in West Bumfuck (Promoters- please don't make us rave there anymore!!)

St. Louis' Terry Mullan tag-teamed with Chicago's Hyperactive for a 4 turntable sonic stompfest that made the night move. DJ Noel came in from S.F. to indoctrinate House, Cali-Style, with a movin' bass thumpin' set.

Drugs were in abundance and the usual gas-capitalists set up their air tanks and 5 dollar balloon racket, and the chill-out room was soon strewn with deflated rubber and semi-awake inhalers.

The only uncool things about this rave were the Johnny-on-the-Spot portable toilets that were out of TP, and the dickheads from Detroit workin' the Smart Bar selling weak-ass drinks for too much.



Reproduction of this material is hereby your obligation.



#2

PROPHETS OF SOUND

PROPHETS OF SOUND

made in
germany

FDA APPROVED!!



STEREO

Sorry shots go out to all those who were left out of the first ish. , there was a big messup that was all my fault. So here is the overdue respect, first page where it belongs.

-Lisa for the copies, and the VM, I 'preciate it-thanks JABA.

-Jason for the hardcore

-Brian from WIU, for the intro. to raves-tanks.

-all TRUE HARDCORE DJ's the future will be heard-

-Phantom 45

-RP Smack

-JJ Jellybean

-Dr. Groo

- and anyone else startin up

-all DIY publications people

-ATP

-Hard Corn ZINE

-Ministry of Truth

-Chicago hardcore auth.

-Mutt

-Free art

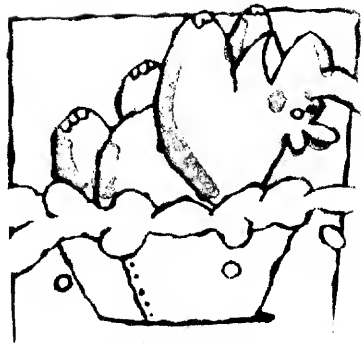
- All etc rispekt goes to all gypsie caravan ravers, whistle posse, speaker huggers, balloonies, glo-worms, back-packers, and everyone else who does their part to make each rave an enjoyable experience.

THIS IS A WARNING.

DANGER DANGER you poor devils, things are more mixed up than you ever *dreamed*, what was up is down, the priorities are all screws, you're fretting if your hair looks okay while some new kind of bladder cancer is busting out the front of your designer jeans. **YES** this is "bad talk", nobody will **LISTEN** to anything else, you won't **LOOK** at TV unless body parts or ears are jiggling or crashing on it, you won't **TASTE** your food unless it has some nerve drug in it, you haven't used your other



Lately, we've been thinking a lot about phobias. And in the spirit of Halloween, why not write about them? There seems to be a name for every kind of phobia imaginable. The fear of haircuts - Tonsurphobia. The fear of choking on fishbones - Pnigophobia. The fear of crossing bridges - Gephyrophobia. Some people's phobias even end up killing them. Composer Arnold Schonberg was afraid of the number 13 (Triskaidekaphobia). He ended up dying on Friday the 13th at 13 minutes before midnight! Spooky. We don't know if there are names for the things we fear, but here are some of the things we're afraid of: Port-A-Pottys (especially the concept of living things hiding inside of them), Elias' Big Boy, the rainbows in Canadian bacon, hanging jewels, Mickey Rooney, bugs crawling into your body holes while you sleep when you go camping, and catching a glimpse of the singer from Midnight Oil while tripping.



a rhino falling into a vat filled with pudding

Average Erect Penis Lengths for **10** Species

Animal	Average Erect Penis Length
1. Humpback whale	10 ft.
2. Elephant	5 to 6 ft.
3. Bull	3 ft.
4. Stallion	2 ft. 6 in.
5. Rhinoceros	2 ft.
6. Pig	18 to 20 in.
7. Man	6 in.
8. Gorilla	2 in.
9. Cat	$\frac{3}{4}$ in.
10. Mosquito	$\frac{1}{100}$ in.

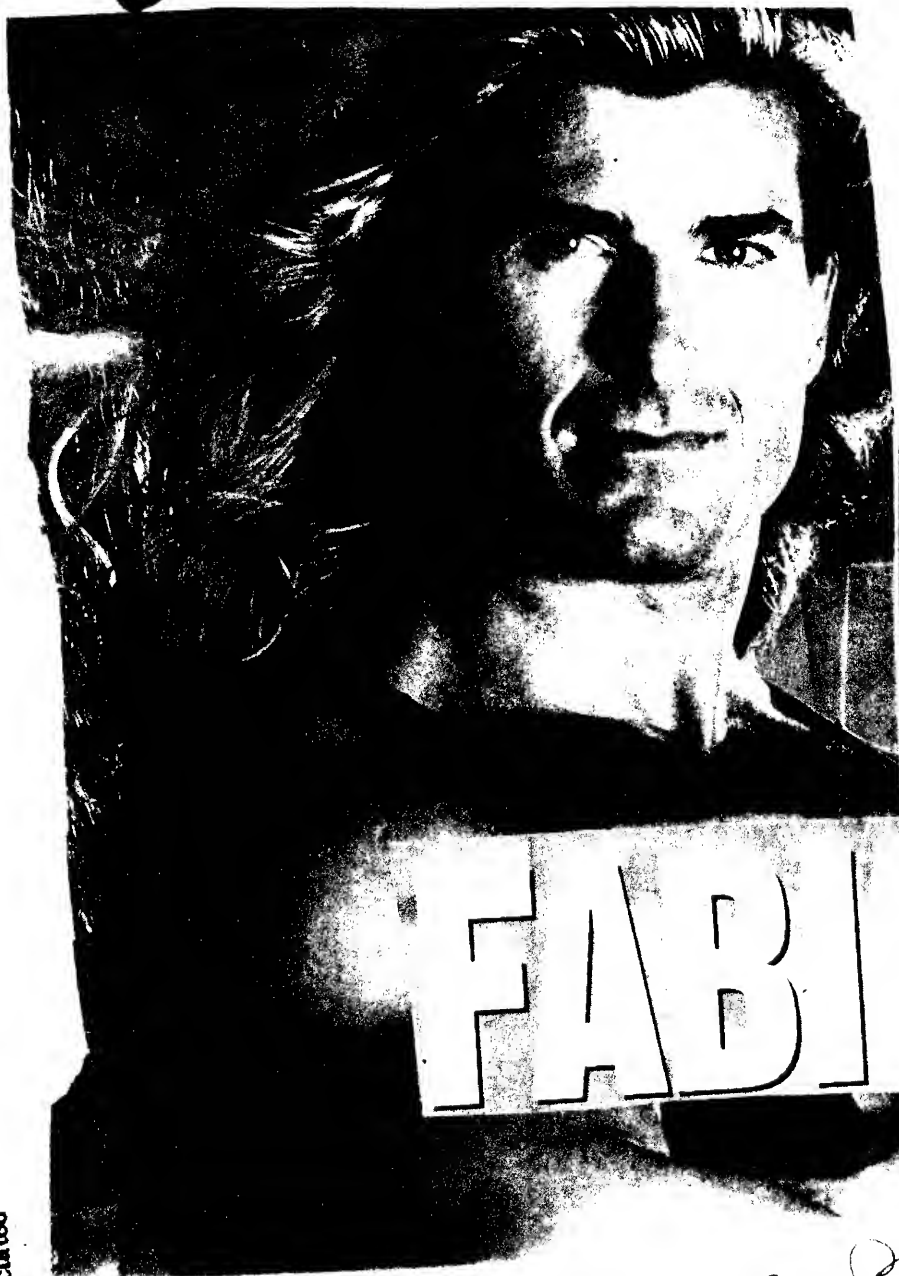


It's plain to see these little squirts are having a great time feasting high on the hog. And mama porker seems willing to take it lying down — as long as they don't horse around or make pigs of themselves, eh?



All of a sudden, to our great surprise, the most ap-
precalated invitation is to a backyard bratwurst roast.

Pg. 4 Whore



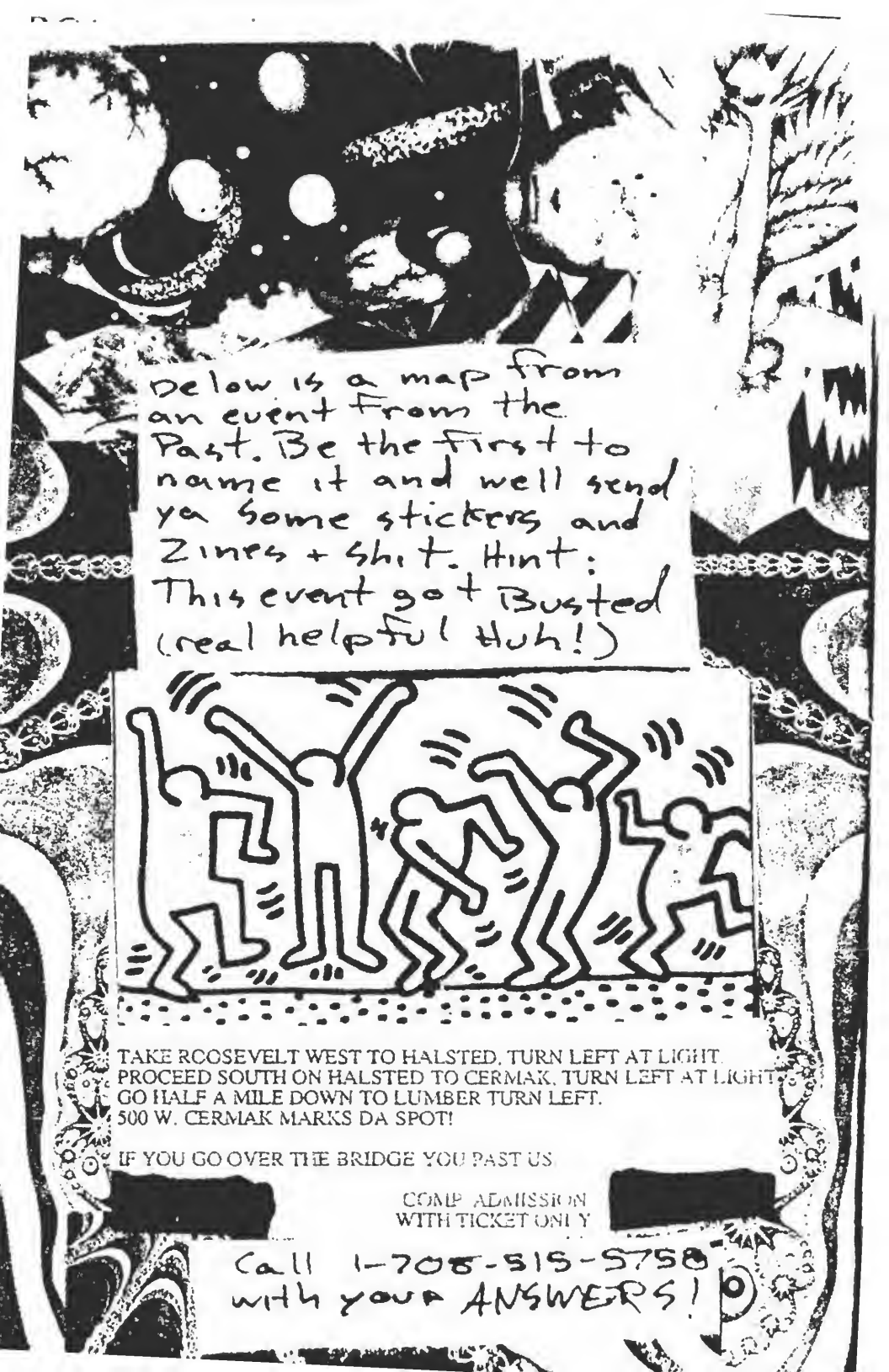
LOW SUBSING

FABIO

his
+ Bee

proclated





Below is a map from
an event from the
Past. Be the first to
name it and we'll send
ya some stickers and
Zines + shit. Hint:
This event got Busted
(real helpful huh!)



TAKE ROOSEVELT WEST TO HALSTED. TURN LEFT AT LIGHT.
PROCEED SOUTH ON HALSTED TO CERMAK. TURN LEFT AT LIGHT.
GO HALF A MILE DOWN TO LUMBER TURN LEFT.
500 W. CERMAK MARKS DA SPOT!

IF YOU GO OVER THE BRIDGE YOU PAST US

COMP. ADMISSION
WITH TICKET ONLY

Call 1-708-515-5758
with your ANSWERS!

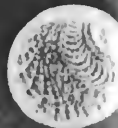
Im sorry but I dont care who I piss off
with this story, this needs to be said,
Wade and the rest of Core Innovations
are the destructors of our scene who try to
knock down every up and coming
promoter in Chicago. The most recent
example of these crimes is Sept. 25.
The two originally planned events of
this night were Bio-funk in Madison WI
and Hard Core Junkies put out by the
Mushgroove crew here in Chicago.
Then well after these events were
scheduled, CI decides to throw a "rave"
on the same night. STOOPIID.

This is fucked , CI is only out to destroy
other promoters, so he can control our
scene, he's done it before and he'll
continue on this crazed mission until
he's stopped.

all summer he's offered shitty house
parties, trying to make some dough off
a different crowd, and he wants to return
to raves to rob us some more.

Fuck this shit , Chicagos scene has got so
many problems and this seems to be the
root of the problem tree , chop it down
and the fruit that was held make will
now be yours truth.

-anonymous-



DUNK
OF
BANK



NEW ZONE

evolution

This is the way events should be in Chicago , one area with hardcore and another with tekno , very much present at this event the way it should be. I needed this event mentally to restore some personal faith in the Chicago scene. What can I say, loads of sound, actually caught a vibe while losing my hearing on the same stage pantera has played on-how wonderful!! My only complaint is that T1000 slowed things down way to much, Make some fuckin noise indead -he never did! Everything in tha tekno arena was slammin till then- I think I heard Lenny Dee's Fuckin hostile about four times that night. All in all I would have to say the hardcore room was the best although very small , I think people were amazed to actually be able see the DJ, and to hear music that they usually dont hear at Raves.

I hope more events like this start to roll here in Chicago, although not at the OAK street theatre The raver population here will undoubtedly increase when people start to hear of events actually happening here in Chicago- we're capable.

BIODEGRADEABLE LAZERS 10

the HARD TRUTH

by: Brian

These are words that need to be said about the whole Tekno\Hardcore\Breakbeat topic.

Hardcore is breakbeats, hardcore is not tekno. figure it this way , Raves originated in England with Hardcore (breaks), not with tekno. While there is hardcore tekno it is still just tekno. Hardcore is the wicked burning frenzy that most ravers seem to ignore, it is the music that sounds like noise to the uninitiated. All respect should be paid to England by keeping hardcore-hardcore and tekno-tekno. Breakbeat only describes the drum pattern of hardcore, (you dont call tekno thump-thump). In reality there is no hardcore vs house debate because hardcore takes alot from house but it is very distant from house music also, the argument should be tekno vs haus To understand this more copleately : hardcore rave must be experienced, I suggest heading to Toronto , which has my vote as being the best kept rave scene secret in north amerika, and try to keep up with music and ravers up there which are all Hardcore. Its eaSy to swing your arms and jog in place to Tekno , but when the bombs of bass of hardcore hit you full force youll be totally overwhelmed and filled with an energy youve never felt before , youll need drugs only knock your brain out and lift you to another reaim, while your body spazzes out to wicked rythms.

For ther reading: C.H A magazine
and 'Ad Corner In Movie
zine

FRIED ICE CREAM WE'RE GOIN' BACK TO 1979...IT'S NEW WAVE BOY!!!



J.V.T.

Man or Myth.



J.V.T. is the name I've chosen for the whole production like scheme of Junga Vibz, and the Junga Line. But J.V.T. belongs to everyone out there readin this. Anyone or anything which has inspired me, influenced me, or has caused me to think is in here.

I want to see a huge network of Chicago Raver hittin parties, domestically and via Caravans, and I want to see them hit. Hake!!!!!!

I hope for the day when I go to a party, and I see the many faces of J.V.T. all around me spazzin wicked to the hardcore sounds.

Even better to hear the My of the party shoutin out "JVT make some fuckin noise" and all of a sudden the whistles and the beats just a fuckin nuts, whooaaa man that would be like a fuckin wet dream to me, Damn.

Th...arent pipe dreams. I'm speakin here, this is reality. To me, Chicago needs unity bad, go to any out of town event and compare it to Chicago and you'll see what I mean. This is a good start at any, no matter how small the sound.

CIVILIZED TORTURE

Oh, God, I'm scared. I'm going crazy, and I don't know how to stop it. God, please, if you're listening, don't let them get me. Don't let them cut me up again! They sewed my eyes shut so I wouldn't be able to see what they were doing to me, but I know! I KNOW!!

I can feel what they are doing to me. I can feel them tear my insides out! I still feel the pain from where they had broken my arms. I thought that if I chewed my fingers off that I might be able to relieve myself of the pain, but all I did was make matters worse.

Sometimes when they are taking me apart I can smell their precious cigarettes. Worse than that, I can sometimes feel the hot ashes from their cigarettes fall not on my body, but INSIDE it! I feel the flaming ashes fall inside me and ignite my insides. God, help me, but I think they do it on purpose. I hear them laugh at me and make fun of me!

God, I pray to You, and I ask why have You made me in the form of an ape? The humans take advantage of me and use me to save their kind. At night, Lord, I can hear the screams of my brothers as they feel their brains explode in their heads!

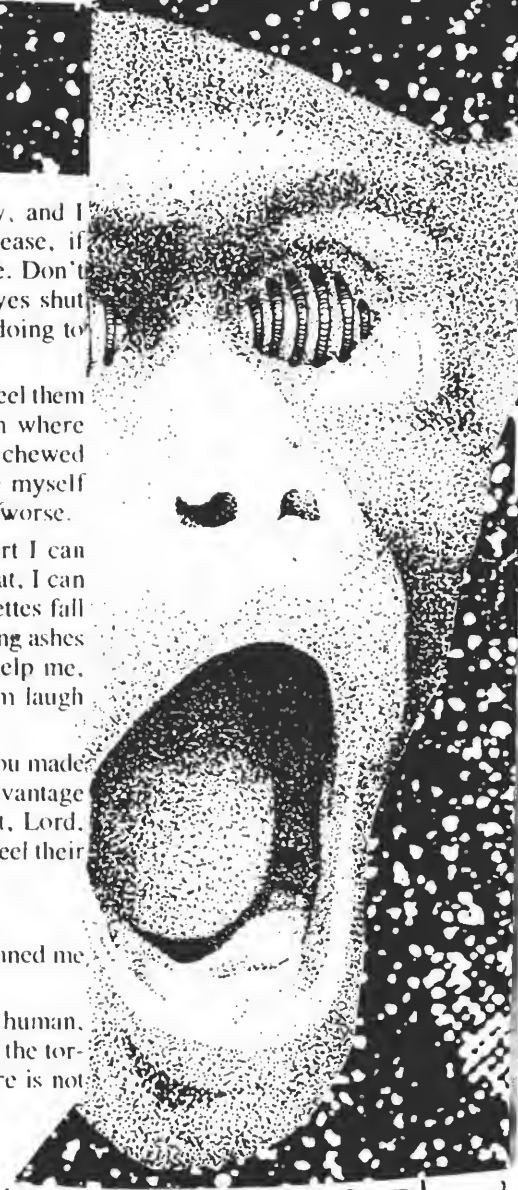
Damn them, Lord!

Damn the humans to the hell that they damned me and my brothers, Lord!

Oh, why couldn't You have made me human, Lord? Then I could have been protected from the tortures that man has forced me to endure. There is not a human willing to protect us from them.

Oh, Lord, please, end my suffering!

PLEASE!



Props to John - 1

RAVE: THE TRUE STORY.

OCT.

ATP NEWS EXCLUSIVE

199.

PROMINENT SCIENTISTS DISCOVER PHYSICAL
SIDE EFFECTS OF CHICAGOANS RAVING IN WISCONS.



See here! Verrry
interesting.



Yes, they seem to be
evolving into an alien life
form.

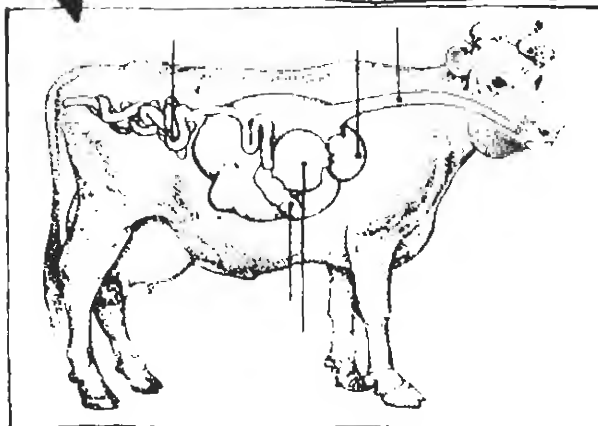


DIAGRAM A

(ATP) ①



WISCONSIN RAVES SKEPTICAL OF LATEST SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERIES.

Moooooo!

There's no
such
thing!



CHICAGO RAVER AGREES TO SPEAK ABOUT THIER PERSONAL TRAGIC STORY.

(This raver agreed to speak to us if we promised to keep thier identity a secret.)

There just werent any Raves in Chicago. I wanted to dance and I, ... I had to go to WI. I got suspicious when the Raves started to be held on farms and in barns, but everyone assured me it was businees. Pretty soon I was hooked, now I can't dance very well, having four legs and no feet. Im not even producing much milk anymore and Im afraid the Lincoln Park Farm in the zoo is going to fire me.



RAVER, "BO"
from CHICA...

GOVERNMENT PANEL OF EXPERTS AGREE WITH LATEST SCIENTIFIC EVIDENCE!

This is why we
wont tolerate
raving in
chicago!



This is Raver "BOB's"
X-ray!



I would never have beleived
it, if I hadnt seen it myself.



Thank you!

You have
beautiful eyes!



ATP, bringing you the
latest breaking stories.

The ...

(ATP) (3)

Last story

10-17-93- ON the Day before I finished this issue I was heading home from Dropping my sister off at her boy friends house. I'll set the scene for ya- it was about 10 at night, Driving through a Forest Preserve some wicked in my car suddenly half Dead in the road I Freaked swerved to lane and hit another car, and kept Driving. The Purpose of this story is actually a Plug for a device called Deer Horns, which cost about five bills. you put them on the front of your car and when ~~the~~ you Drive they emit a high Pitched noise that animals find annoying they are available at Auto stores and Venture. they were rated highly effective by Consumer report.



It's easy to get caught up in the games society wants you to play. I recently moved into a new apartment. The day I was moving in I met one of my new next door neighbors, who was also moving in. He was nice enough to offer to help carry some furniture in, I needed the help, so I accepted his offer. We started talking and he told me a lengthy story about his "career". He had turned down an offer to work with an "international corporation", in Texas, instead he took a job here as a tennis instructor. Then he excitedly asked me what I did for a living. I told him I worked as a "roadie", with a big band. After he left I was thinking, what I do for a living is such a small part of who I am. I spend, maybe 25 hrs. a week working. To so many people though, what you do for a living is who you are. I'm sorry though, I have more important things in my life than what I do a living. I have often thought that I should tell people I live life for a living.

Whatever you do with your life, have fun and enjoy it. Remember you're only as old as you feel you are.

O.K. One last thing, thanks to everyone who came to our event.

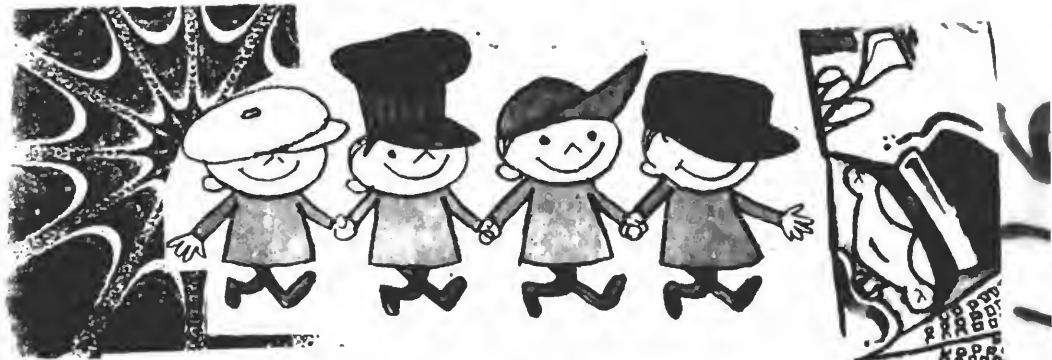
Thanks to Drop Bass Network and Chicago Hardcore Authority, (CHA).

Thanks also to Reactor, I don't always agree with what you write, but you continue to put out issues, and I know it takes alot of work. It's also good to see you sponsoring a RAVE!



PEACE,

WHY EAT MEAT? HOW MANY DRUGS DO YOU TAKE TO HAVE A GOOD



Send all advertisements,
Artwork, Playlists, and
Comments to:

J.V.T
c/o Brian
5113 Central
Western Springs IL
60558

Attention Ravens

| | | | | | | |



Clubs Have It!
Dj's Have It!
Now You Can Have It Too!

the official
Sunga Vibe Tribe
Sunga line

1-208-
515-

5758

*Operators are eager to
take your order.*

WTF
TR
ROUS

W
D
-
X
O

In Reaction 2.0 that guy who reveals raves touched down a little on what balloons do to a party and I totally agree with him. I've done balloons before at parties and have realized for myself that they are totally for nothing. In the place where I don't feel like even moving much less dancing. While I love the effects of a balloon I personally feel that the KNO pants shouldnt be brought out at a party until 2:00 or later. This way the party can go strong most the night then people can just chill and enjoy the music with a balloon while regaining their energy.

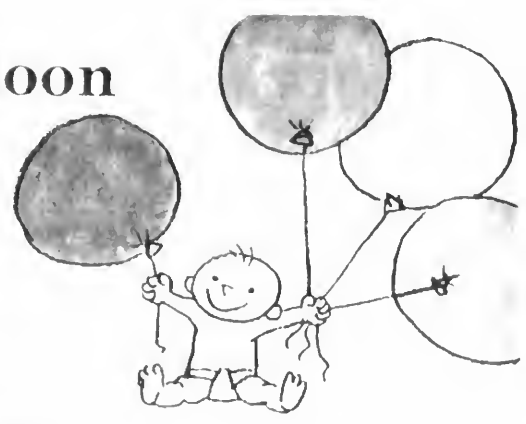
Also at these balls a cop someone is raking in tall cash while us ravers are losing our minds and our money. I'm sure a 2for\$5 price could be charged and a profit still made. I'm not trying to draw comarisons here but I've been to dirty hippie parties where that price is charged, but go figure-everything else in rave culture is expensive so I'm sure nothing will change here.

One more thing then I'll shut up and that is a recommendation to stay away from parties that claim free balloons, such as yellow, the aqua cruise series, and others that I vaguely remember.

Ballons dont make the party, instead promoters should put more effort into better spaces, more lighting, more bass bins, these extras will give them a better rep, not the balloons!!!!



balloon



Baby likes

»X-STATIC



erry in a jungle



YOU
can
develop a stronger
HE-MAN
VOICE!

jungle



BOOK
MA -
NO BRAINS!

THE SLOB'S HOUR HAD COME!
WITH A LOUD YELL, I LEAPT
UPON HIM, ENGULFING HIM IN
HIS OWN MILK. FOR MANY
MINUTES I HEARD THE DRIPPING
OF GRADE A.



SAVE
70¢
PER LB.

We guess this makes our 3rd issue. A lot has happened since the 2nd. We helped throw a party, which turned into a major disaster. Our curiosity to see whats involved in throwing a party was definitely killed. Worst party of this issue definitely goes to ourselves! We will do something to make up what happened. Be on the look out for our newsletter letting you all know what really happened. Have a great Halloween and stay tuned to our voicemail for a possible make up event.

THE MIND and nervous system

For example, LSD is sometimes taken to experience a change in perception.



MY HEAD ACHED, AND I STARTED NOTICING MINOR THINGS IN THE ROOM-- THE MILKMAN'S ARM, OVERHEAD; HIS HEAD ON THE TABLE; HIS BLOOD SPLATTERED ON THE WALLS.

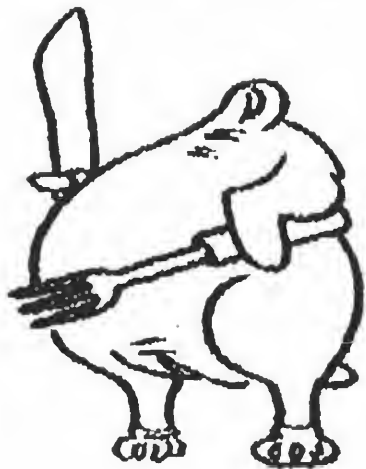


YET THE OFFICERS NOTICED NOT, AND CONTINUED ON WITH THEIR PRATTLE.

Being the concept behind MASSIVE is to celebrate and remember last year's bust of Grave, we decided to share one of our own favorite cop stories. The following account is a true story experienced by one of our friends who travelled around with a heavy metal band called Joker's Wild a few years ago: We guarantee you will never see this story on "Cops": While driving through a small northwestern Illinois town with a baby food jar full of LIQUID ACID, the van containing our friend and the 5 members of Joker's Wild were pulled over by a State Trooper for speeding. The State Trooper upon getting out of his car, was forced to chase the van containing Joker's Wild as they would stop and start the car continuously (they were tripping of course) so by the time the State Trooper caught up with them, they were about a block down the road from the State Trooper's parked car. Once the State Trooper caught up with the van, he caught glimpse of the van's interior of fun fur and disco ball and the typical heavy metal band that owned it. He grew suspicious. Once catching sight of the baby food jar, he demanded to see it, thinking it was some type of alcohol. It was colorless, odorless. To convince himself it was alcohol, he put two fingers into the jar and put them in his mouth. He just consumed about 50 hits of pure LSD. He gives the jar back assuming it to be water and suggests he escorts them out of town. He walks back to his car, opens the door, then begins to look around as if he was looking for something. Then he walks across the road, into the ditch, and into the woods. Over an hour passes and he never returns. Many theories have been presented on what became of the State Trooper after eating that much acid. Some say he had to take a piss then became distracted. Some say he was abducted by sasquatch as he was transformed into an intense state of devolution. Others say he probably shit his pants and ran into someone's farm demanding help as he thought himself insane. Whatever happened, the moral stands: Never underestimate the stupidity of a cop. Amen.



5.) Newspapers and magazines should not print horoscopes because horoscopes tell us that something besides God and ourselves govern our lives. They are also a form of witchcraft which leads to the path of Satan.



*Typical European
with trial circa 1570*

The accused are arrested in a woodland meeting-place

The accused are said to worship a Horned God, perhaps Satan Himself

The accused are alleged to have engaged in "obscene" or "bestial" orgies

The accused are said to seek religious visions with drugs, most commonly belladonna, thorn apple or mandrake

The accused are typically defiant, in the manner of heretics, not guilty in the manner of ordinary criminals

The accused usually come from either the lower class (peasants, serfs) or from the young scholars

The offense is a "crime without victims" or a "crime by definition," not a real crime against persons or property

But society paradoxically demands harsher penalties than are given for crimes against persons or property

General charges of Satanism, anarchism, black magic, murder, etc., are often directed against the class of offenders (the "witches")

The primary task of the FBI, as John Edgar Hoover envisions it, is to keep America strong and free, youthful in spirit and alert to the danger of moral decay. He is fond of quoting His Eminence, Francis Cardinal Spellman: "We have no right to expect to keep our freedoms, if we ourselves do not faithfully and thankfully protect the soil and soul of America from those who have abandoned God, and for God's Commandments have substituted their own code of inhumanity, greed, and violence." He is fond also of quoting Astronaut John H. Glenn: "Freedom, devotion to God and country are not things of the past. They will never become old-fashioned."

One good reason why is the fact that the FBI is dedicated to their eternal preservation.

*Typical American drug bust
circa 1970*

The accused are arrested in a rural "commune"

The accused are said to worship Hindu or American Indian or other non-Christian divinities

The accused are alleged to have engaged in "obscene" or "bestial" orgies or, at least, to be sexually casual

The accused are said to seek religious visions with drugs, most commonly LSD, hashish, peyote or marijuana

The accused are typically defiant in the manner of heretics, not guilty in the manner of ordinary criminals

The accused usually come from either the lower class (Negroes, Mexican-Americans) or from the young intelligentsia (students)

The offense is a "crime without victims" or a "crime by definition," not a real crime against persons or property

But society paradoxically demands harsher penalties than are given for crimes against persons or property

General charges of treason, communism, black magic, "un-Americanism," etc., are often levelled against the class of offenders (the "dope fiends")

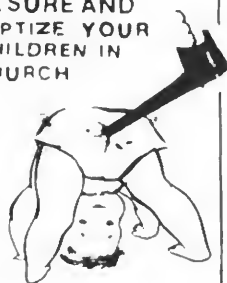
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'We thought her story about Heaven was just hysterical raving . . . until she held out her hand and showed us that shiny golden gravel'

In Health magazine asked a panel of experts to rank commonly used drugs by their potential for addiction. Two factors were used: how easily people become addicted and how difficult it is for most people to quit. A score of 100 represented a high potential for addiction, 1 a low potential. Because each individual reacts differently, based on physiology, psychology, and social pressures, the rankings reflect addictive potential only.

	Potential for Addiction
1. Nicotine	100.00
2. Ice, glass (methamphetamine smoked)	98.53
3. Crack	97.66
4. Crystal meth (methamphetamine injected)	94.09
5. Valium (diazepam)	85.68
6. Quaalude (methaqualone)	83.38
7. Seconal (secobarbital)	82.11
8. Alcohol	81.85
9. Heroin	81.80
10. Crank (amphetamine taken orally)	81.09
11. Cocaine	73.13
12. Caffeine	72.01
13. PCP (phencyclidine)	55.69
14. Marijuana	21.16
15. Ecstasy (MDMA)	20.14
16. Psilocybine mushrooms	17.13
17. LSD	16.72
18. Mescaline	16.72

**BESURE AND
 BAPTIZE YOUR
 CHILDREN IN
 CHURCH**



NARCOTICS

lower
 perception
 of pain



...THE "M" MAGICALLY
 APPEARING FROM WHAT-
 EVER FARAWAY PLACE IT IS
 THAT LITTLE ADDICTED
 GIRLS' HALLUCINATIONS
 COME FROM.

► To help maintain your privacy in the computer age, be stingy about giving out your Social Security number. It's the key to most computerized records being kept on you. Try not to disclose it except for tax reasons or bank transactions. Don't write it on checks or give it out over the phone.



BEGIN driving slowly away from the animal. If using a winch, crank steadily. The hide will begin peeling off. If the hide seems hard to pull, you may have to start it over the shoulders by hand.



- o Animals are not people and should not be treated as such. God made humans to rule over the Earth.
- o Plants are not people. They have no right to life.



CONTINUE driving until skinning is complete. Once the hide is past the shoulders, the rest comes off easily. More fat and meat will probably remain on the hide than if you had skinned it by hand.



MOBY WOULD NOT APPROVE!



HANG the animal from the head on a sturdy tree around the neck, and peel back about 6 inches. Then, cut the skin along the inside of each leg, up to the body cavity.



Regular Hot Dogs vs. Light Hot Dogs

☐ Standard beef frank, 140 calories, 84% fat

☐ Chicken frank, 136 calories, 67% fat

☐ Turkey frank, 120 calories, 82% fat

☐ Light beef frank, 120 calories, 75% fat

☐ Soy-based frank, 110 calories, 49% fat

☐ Low-fat frank, 50 calories, 24% fat

2. LARGEST CITY WITHOUT A RAPE

Appleton, Wisconsin

66,543

Population:

PLACE a golf ball or small rounded rock under the peeled neck skin. Gather the skin around it, and tie off tightly with strong cord. Fasten the cord to a secure part of a vehicle, or to a winch.





Kevin "Mad Dog" Mudford, former leader of the Devil's Disciples biker gang and charged with murder at 15, is seen here in Melbourne as he travels around Australia preaching Christianity. However, police told him he needed a trailer licence for his cross. [AP] 15 Feb 1992.

Yuck! Why is my vagina so ugly?

I'm 14, and the inside lips of my vagina have become discolored. They also have bumps and hang down lower than they used to. Will they ever go back to normal?

I'm afraid that my vagina is too small

I've tried to use tampons, but my vagina seems to be too narrow. I'm worried that it won't be big enough for me to have children—or even to have sex. Is there anything I can do about it?

Help! I'm sprouting hair all over my body

I've suddenly started to grow thick dark hair on my legs, arms—even my breasts! I'm getting a mustache, too. How can I get rid of it?



-BETHAN

future not the late 1980's.

even going to consider it, raves are about
an event is featuring haus music then we're
events promising all hardcore or techno.

look for us at parties, we try to make it to
opening.

mazing there only when there are no events

TITLED for now. But I will drop off my

an the other stores, whom I shall leave

r pants, free plug), and employees much friendlier

others are somewhat cheaper, (15 bucks cheaper

only exception to this would be R.E., whose

gazine available at their locations.

ve these business' free advertising by having my

ke a T-shirt, 20 bills-yeah right. I am not going to

ores are totally overcharging for simple things

reason for this is that these Rave/Hip-Hop

dz will from now on be available at RAVES ONLY!

rst of all I will explain to you now that Junga

re on out I promise better things from J.V.T.

ppened!)

parties going on in Chicago after Download

or, (mainly due to the fact that there were really
poloigise for, because distribution of no.1 was very

ading this magazine, for that I would like to

or many of you reading this, this is your first time

what's up ravers, welcome back to Junga Vibz.



phonograph



HOW TO FORM A POSSE

by Mario Van Peebles

Of all the great things in life, friends are at the top of the list. You cannot choose your relatives but you can choose your friends. If you are lucky and cool unto others, you may have these bonds all your life. Skating with your bros makes each day worth living, and if you follow these steps you are on your way to enjoying what life is all about. Let outsiders think what they may, they don't know that skaters have to stick together, because cops, jocks and rednecks all see red when they see a group of skaters having more fun than they ever could.

Come up with a name. Try something like "The Sharks," "The Shag Rugs," "The Overlords," or anything else that makes your set stand out from the rest of the sheep in and around your school.

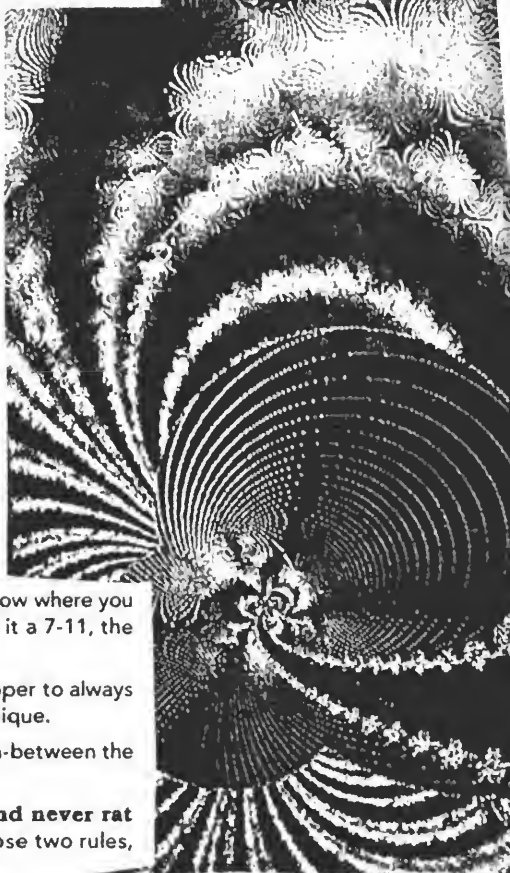
Have nicknames for all the crew. Everyone has something that sets them apart, use it. Whether it's "Shorty," "Tree-top," "Stinky" or "Banana Breath," call it like you see it.

Establish your spots. Let everyone know where you like to hang out, and that is your turf, be it a 7-11, the curbs, or your own home street.

Get a mascot. Find a dog or a little ripper to always go wherever you go and be a part of the clique.

Bros before hos. Never let a girl get in-between the members of the crew.

Don't take any shit from anyone and never rat out your pals. The sooner you learn those two rules, the easier you will adjust to grown-up life.

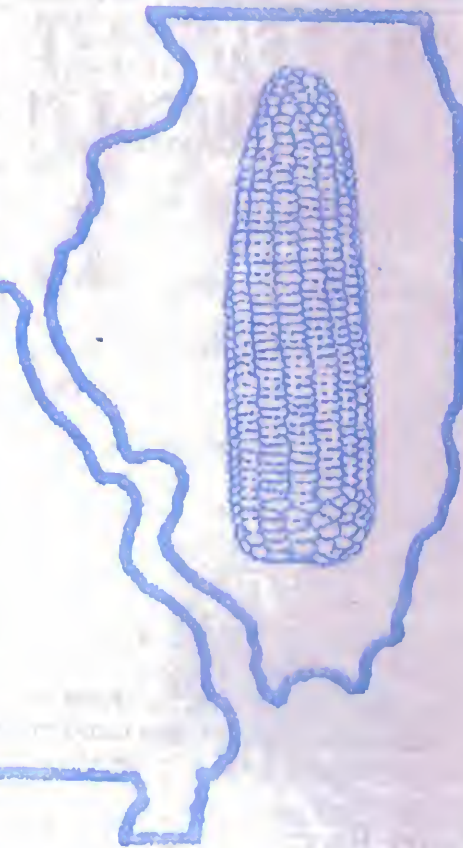


CALL the J.V.T. Voice Mail
Line = 1-708-515-5758 = (11)

Jesus said

Tomorrow

The World





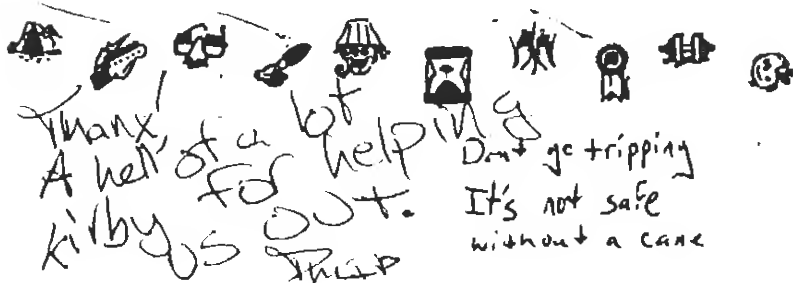
THE LOCAL SPOOK HOUSES HAVE OPENED UP
FOR THE HALLOWEEN SEASON, SO WE TOOK
OUR DISCRIMINATING EYES TO SOME OF THEM.

SILO X- WE WENT TO THE ONE ON I-44,
THERE'S ANOTHER OUT IN O'FALLON, ILL.
EVEN AS STONED AS WE WERE, THIS PLACE
WAS WACK! IF WE WANTED TO BE SUCKERED
FOR NINE BUCKS, WE WOULD HAVE RENTED
"POPCORN" THE MOVIE THREE TIMES!!
WE SKIPPED THE EASTSIDE SILO X AND
WENT TO...

NIGHTMARES- THEY HAD SATAN. THEY HAD
ALIENS. THEY HAD EVERYTHING THEY HAD
LAST YEAR. BUT THE NEW DINOSAUR THING
MADE COREY ALMOST SHIT HIS PANTS, SO
WE'LL SAY THIS PLACE IS COOL.

THAYR ASHTON'S MANSION- WHERE ARE YOU?

HOUSE ON HAUNTED HILL- THEN NO'FUX ARE
CRAZY! THE PLACE IS OUTDOORS, INDOORS,
UNDERGROUND, IN A TENT. MAN, THEY'RE
EVERYWHERE! BRAM STOKER'S DRACULA,
HOLOGRAPHIC GHOSTS, TALKING CORPSES,
THIS PLACE IS PHAT! \$8.50 IS STEEP,
BUT WELL WORTH IT!



Thank,
A hell of a lot
Kirby US TRAP
for helping
out.
Don't go tripping
It's not safe
without a cane





welcome to the first ish of pure hype, dedicated to the St. Louis rave scene. Many thanx go out to all the promoters, DJs, and ravers that make this town a little less conservative.
So kick back and read on.

The staff of Pure Hype would also like to give a shout to whoever the hell is puttin' out Hard Corn in Chicago. Ya'll the inspiration. Smoke em if ya got em boys, cuz the LORD is coming.

Did Nitro4s Come From Aliens?

Jesus, who knows everything, says so.

At 5 bucks a pop - it's a steal!!

MARIJUANA

MARIJUANA, *mele uk W'ill nub*, is a narcotic that exists in the sap of the hemp plant. This grows in almost all parts of the world. Marijuana is sometimes called *hashish*. Dried hemp leaves, rolled into narcotic cigarettes called *reefers*. In the Orient often put marijuana into candies and pills. However, the drug has no value as a medicine and is extremely habit-forming.

Marijuana has undesirable effects on the body matter in what form it is used. The user loses memory and sometimes physical control of himself, and may commit violent crimes. Marijuana users often become so devoted to the drug and its effects that they lose interest in any useful or intellectual occupation. Probably one of the greatest dangers of marijuana is that persons who use it soon look for stronger drugs, and often become addicted to heroin.

Marijuana has been used for many hundreds of years. Its use has spread alarmingly in the United States since about 1910. Today, a federal Bureau reports that it is still being distributed in many parts of the United States.

A Good Way to Go Crazy!

The Good Book Sez

Job 8:12 Whilst it is yet in his greenness, and not cut down, it withereth before any other herb.

Out of his nostrils goeth smoke,
out of a seething pot - Job 41:20

HAVE A PARTY!

Double your ministry.
Give away this tract after reading it.



**Reefer
Tribe**



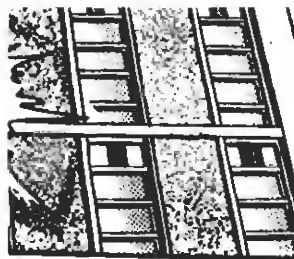
Cashing In on the Music Business



Remember the good ole days,
when raves were map points,
secret locations, hard music,
and no cops? When love
and acid were the drugs
of choice and everyone
was happy to pay the
bucks to dance 'til sunrise?
When promoters cared about
the scene, and not the
ALMIGHTY DOLLAR?
We all need to get
Back to the Basics
the Beats, the Rhythms,
the Unity, y' know?



SEE YA NEXT ISSUE!



The Cops Have Guns



19 sue city in police raid at 'rave' party

City faces fights over 'rave' fines

But We Have Brains.

THE BEST TIMES OF MY LIFE. THE SAPIEST EXPLANATION OF SOME PSYCHOEMOTIONAL MEMORY BABBLE; OR THE ONLY DRUG YEARS THAT I CAN SOMEWHAT REMEMBER. EVERYTHING WAS PRETTY EXCITING AND INSPIRATION WAS EASIER THAN SEX IN A WHOREHOUSE WHEN I WAS FIFTEEN. I THINK I'M STILL JUST AS LOST, IF NOT MORE.

JUST TO BE A FUKKING OBNOXIOUS "FANZINE" EDITOR I'M GOING TO TALK ABOUT A FEW INSIGNIFICANT (TO EVERYONE BUT ME) THINGS THAT ARE OR CAN BE BLUNTLY DESCRIBED BY THE EVEN LESS SIGNIFICANT NUMBER, FIFTEEN. (DID THAT JUST SEEM LIKE A REAL WORDY SENTENCE?) A GREAT PERCENTAGE OF THINGS HAPPEN TO PEOPLE WHEN THEY'RE FIFTEEN. (I KNOW NO PERCENTS RELATING TO FIFTEEN OR THE ABOVE STATEMENT JUST BELIEVE IT! IF IT WAS WRITTEN ON T.V. YOU WOULD.)

DIARY

JUSTIN IS AS FRESH AS HIS AGE. WE'RE LIKE BEST PALS. WE'VE KNOWN EACH OTHER SINCE WE WERE TO YOUNG TO REMEMBER. MY DAD AND HIS DAD SMOKIN' WEED BEFORE WE WERE BORN. HE'S THE KID I'D ALWAYS BE ABLE TO HANG WITH, WE JUST WERE ON THE SAME LEVEL, SAME TRIP Y'KNOW. WE DID ALOT OF DRUGS TOGETHER AND THAT LIKE TIED US TOGETHER. WHEN I'D BE FRYIN' MY GUTS OUT HE'D BE AROUND TO LAUGH WITH ME AND VICE VERSA OF COURSE. WE KNEW EACH OTHER REAL WELL. JUSTIN CONTINUES TO MAKE ME LAUGH BUT AT THIS MOMENT (MARCH 1ST 9P.M. '93) WE'RE STRAIT. HE TOOK THE SHIT I GOT FOR HIM. I DIDN'T HANG AROUND. I HOPE HE DOESN'T MIND ME TELLING YOU THIS... HE WAS FLIPPIN' GIGAWATTS. GETTIN' NAKED AND RUNNING FOR THE DOOR, SHMEARED TWO PIGS PRETTY NICELY AND HAD TO HAVE FIVE MOTHERFUKS GET HIM INTO THE AMBULANCE. FIFTEEN YEARS OLD, HE'S ALREADY EXPERIENCED MORE THAN MOST PEOPLE EVER WILL. WE TALKED THE OTHER DAY AND NEITHER OF US COULD WIPE THE SMILES OFF OUR FACES. SHIT! HE ALMOST KILLS HIMSELF, I ALMOST GET THROWN IN JAIL AND WE JUST COULD NOT STOP LAUGHING. THIS IS WHAT FRIENDS ARE ALL ABOUT WE'RE DEALING WITH THE SHIT. IT STINKS BUT THE TOILET'S CLOGGED.

HEART

SHE WAS FIFTEEN WHEN WE MET. SHE WAS THE PRETTIEST THING ON EARTH AND SOMETIMES I SWEAR SHE STILL IS. SHE WAS A ROUGH RIDIN' BURLY BEING WITH THE RAIDERS JACKET AND THE POOFY HAIR TO BOOT. SHE WAS REAL SHY SO SHE GOT DRUNK AND CALLED ME ONE NIGHT NOT TO LONG AFTER I HAD GIVEN HER FRIEND MY NUMBER. TWO COMPLETELY OPPOSITE SOCIAL CLASSES (LED ZEPPLIN VS. STEEL POLE BATH TUB) AND FOR WHATEVER REASON WE COULDN'T GET ENOUGH OF EACH OTHER. AT TIMES I WONDER HOW WE GET THROUGH THE FIGHTS WITH THE DRUNK (FUKT) PARENTS, THE HOMELESS NIGHTS THAT USUALLY ENDED WITH ME ON THE COUCH AND HER IN MY BED AND NAUSEATING DRUG EXPERIENCES. AGAIN, I'VE FOUND ANOTHER INSPIRATION IN THE FORM OF FIFTEEN.

GOSPEL

GOSPEL "ALL WE NEED IS FOOD, SHELTER, LOVE AND SEX." -FIFTEEN

I AGREE...



lame gigs

DO YOU KNOW WHAT SUCKS?

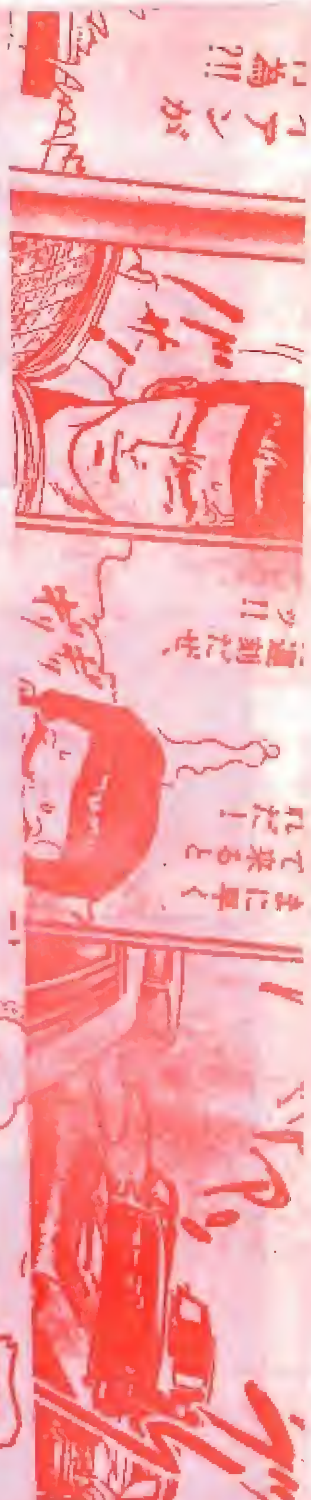
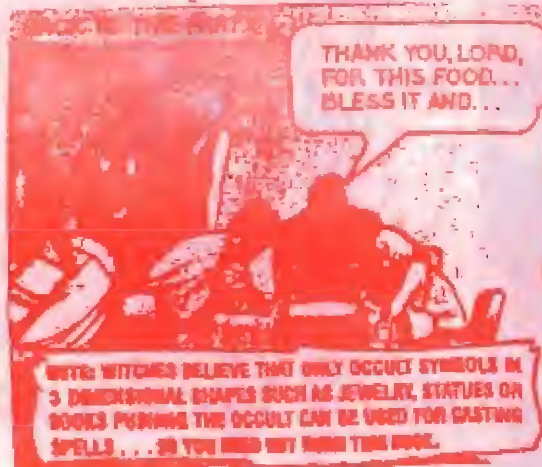
IN THE MONTH OF SEPTEMBER...

- ...SCHOOL'S BACK IN
- ...RUSH LIMBAUGH'S BACK ON T.V.
- ...RAVES BECOME "AFTER HOURS PARTIES"
- ...EVERYONE'S LEFT TOWN FOR SCHOOL, SO THE CLUB SCENE IS THE SAME OLD FACE



BUT YOU CAN FIGHT BACK!!!!

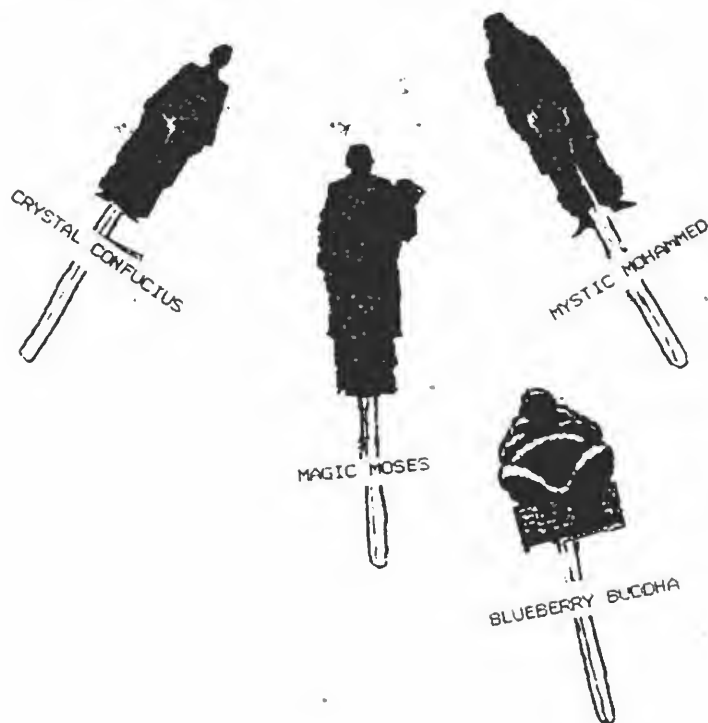
SUPPORT LOCAL RAVE PROMOTIONS
BRING FRIENDS TO A RAVE
MAKE FRIENDS AT A RAVE
GET CONNECTED!
AND EAT YOUR MUESLIX!



THIS MAGAZINE
BROUGHT TO YOU BY:

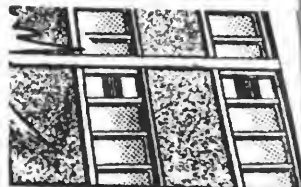
Psychoactive Lollipops

NOW IN FOUR EXOTIC FLAVORS



FIND GOD WITH EACH LICK!

MADE WITH REAL LYSERGIC ACID AND ARTIFICIAL COLORING

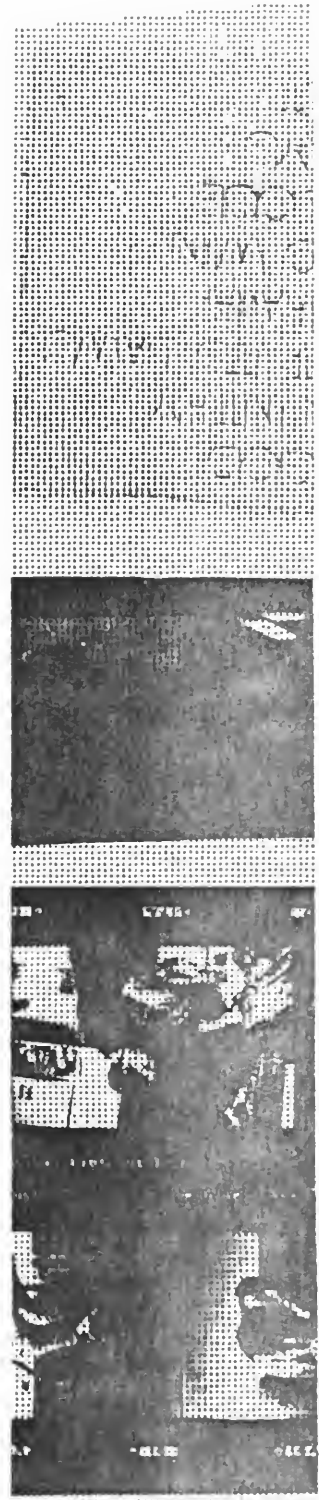




And immediately the angel
of the Lord smote him.
and he was eaten of worms



TRUTH DEFEATS DECEPTION



Everyone is Fascinated by
the Earthworm Story

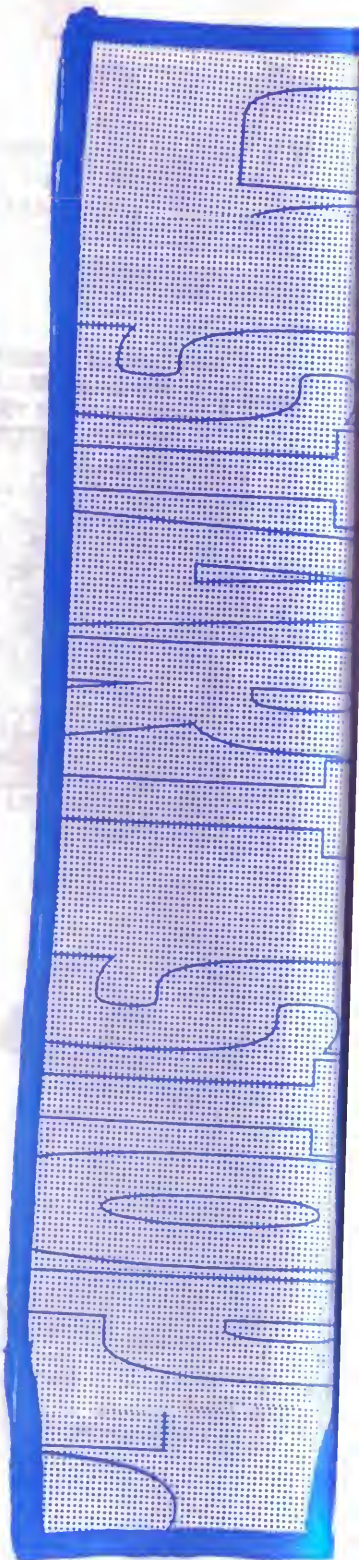


Protect your
SHROOMS
From Earthworm

DOOM!

**CATCH MORE FISH,
BIGGER FISH...**

OR YOUR MONEY BACK!



LUCKING (RAVE IN PEOPLE'S PARK! I STARTED GAWKING AS SCANTILY CLOTHED 60'S-RETRO FASHION BABIES SURROUNDED ME, GROOVING OUT TO SHITTY DISCO RIGHT THERE IN OUR PARK. SOMEHOW PEOPLE'S PARK, MAYBE THE LAST VESTIGE OF 60'S COUNTERCULTURE THAT HASN'T BEEN REDUCED TO A FASHION COMMODITY, INVADDED BY MOCKING FASHION CHIC, WELL IT WAS JUST TOO SICK AND WRONG. RAVES, TO ME, ARE THE ULTIMATE CONGLAMERATION OF EVIL. DANCE CLUB SHITHEADS, RETRO 60'S AND 70'S BULLSHIT, AND COMPUTER GEEK ANTI-HUMAN HELL, ALL PUT TOGETHER INTO ONE VOMIT-INSPIRING UNION) THE NEXT DAY I MENTIONED

ARRON CLAIMS THAT RAVES ARE ANTI-HUMAN, MAYBE I'M JUST TO STUPID TO GET IT. TECHNOLOGY IS NOT EVIL. (NEITHER ARE RAVES FOR THAT MATTER) HOW CAN A PARTY BE ANTI-HUMAN? HOW CAN TECHNOLOGY BE CONSIDERED ANTI-HUMAN? ARRON'S VIEW ON THAT KINDA STUMPS ME. IT'S LIKE PLAYING A GUITAR, YOU GOTTA BE ON TIME, IN TUNE, AND KNOW THE MATERIAL. THAT'S THE D.J.'S JOB. THE MUSIC IS ELECTRONIC AND IS MADE ON SOME OF THE MOST INSANELY TECHNICAL EQUIPMENT. A HUMAN IS AT THE SOURCE AND THAT HUMAN IS DOING A CREATING THING IN THEIR OWN WAY. LASERS AND LIGHTS ARE PROGRAMMED BY HUMANS TOO! THE WHOLE PARTY WOULD BE NOTHING WITHOUT ALL THE HUMANS PUTTING EVERYTHING TOGETHER AND GETTING THE SHIT BUMPIN' LOUD.

I RESPECT ARRON. I'VE BEEN READING HIS MAG FOR A FEW YEARS NOW AND I FEEL LIKE I KNOW HIM BETTER THAN I ACTUALLY DO. HIS ACCUSATION OF RAVES BEING "THE ULTIMATE CONGLOMERATION OF EVIL" IS A GROSS MISUNDERSTANDING. THE AGAIN EVERYONE WHO HASN'T BEEN TO THE REAL HARDCORE PARTY MISUNDERSTANDS WHAT A RAVE ACTUALLY IS.

I THINK ARRON WALKED INTO A PROGRESSIVE HOUSE PARTY NOT A RAVE. I ATTEND PARTIES THAT COULDN'T BE DESCRIBED BY DISCO AND THE ONLY 60's/HIPPIE CHARACTERISTICS I SEE ARE DRUGS AND A REAL PEACE/UNITY ATTITUDE. I'M TALKING MIDDLE OF NOWHERE LOCATIONS, DIRT FLOORS, 200 BEATS PER MINUTE HARDCORE, DISORIENTATING LIGHTS... BASICALLY A WORTH WHILE ESCAPE (YES, RAVES ARE AN ESCAPE).

I CAN ALMOST POSITIVELY SAY THAT IF YOU'D GO TO A PARTY IN MILWAUKEE (DROP BASS NETWORK-OF-COURSE), YOU'D BE BLOWN AWAY. MILWAUKEE HAS ONE OF THE BEST HARDCORE SCENES AROUND AND THAT'S NOT JUST MY STINKING PRIDE BUT PEOPLE LOOK UP TO MILWAUKEE AS A HARDCORE HELL.

IT SEEMS LIKE THE PUNKS FEAR RAVES BUT THE TWO HAVE A LOT IN COMMON. I HOPE THIS MAG IS A GOOD EXAMPLE OF A RAVE SCENE. FUNNY IT'S SO DAMN PUNK ROCK, HEY?

Midwest Hardcore



coming events

Nov. 6th "see the light" tour
moby-orbital-aphextwin
vapourspace-dubtribe
chicago, il

Nov. 27 acid revival
chicago, il

new years eve
12 hour massive celebration
8pm to 8am all ages permitted event
major players to be announced

milwaukee, wi

information 414-256-1733, 414-777-3998
24 hours a day 7 days a week



feed

Hi, my name is Zak. I would describe myself as a jerk. I have a talent for art type things such as layout and design. My hobbies are doing those art type things I mentioned and going to real big parties and attending other real underground gatherings. I work at a bakery where I have been employed for three years and eight months. At my place of employment I make donuts, rolls, and bread.

My plans for the next year are to turn eight-teen, get a stupid license, get an even stupider car, new job and eventually move out after graduation. I will not attend college. I will work. Where? I don't know, probably some neat job doing minimal work. I can realistically see myself having a third shift job with the sentinel... That means driving around and droppin' off papers.

My goals are that I won't have to work under a boss all my life and be just another slave to the system. Hopefully, I'll be designing things or making real tasty pastry. I will achieve these goals by remaining stubborn and not letting anyone step on me. I will be saving money while I work for these next few years and then start my own god damn business, be it a record label, bakery or a small newspaper. Anything I like and can live off I will do.

I don't expect to learn much outa this english class but I would like to get a clue as to where I should start new paragraphs and where the line is drawn between a run on sentence and an appropriate one. These two things will make me a better writer, therefore giving me better chances of actually holding someones attention to my writing.

South Milwaukee Schools
SCHOOL LUNCH
Student Weekly Ticket

BACK

SCHOOL LUNCH
No 305715

Dear Parent:

Due to my inability to contact you by phone, I am writing to you. I am writing because I am concerned about the classroom behavior of your child.

Due to excused and/or unexcused absences, disruptive behavior, inappropriate/vulgar language, and/or missing work and low class grades, your child may be facing disciplinary measures that will jeopardize their completing this English course and as a result; graduation requirements.

I have talked to your child about one or more of these problems, but they seem to still be headed in the wrong direction. I feel it is vital you be made aware that these problems exist. I would also appreciate any help you could give me on this situation.

My phone number is

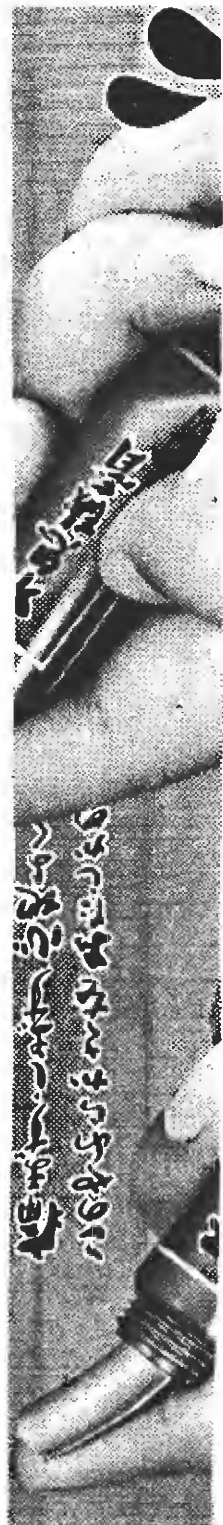
Sincerely,

Laura Taylor

Please *Laura Taylor* at any time.
English



痔^ちでお苦^くしみの方^{かた}のためにお役^{やく}



TAYLOR
YOU'RE JUST TRYING TO SHUT ME UP CAUSE YOU'RE
AFRAID THAT I MIGHT CAUSE THE OTHER KIDS, OR
AS I'D LIKE TO CALL THEM, "I.V. HEADS" TO
REALIZE THAT YOU SUK, THE SCHOOL SYSTEM SUK,
YOUR CIRICULUM SUK, YOU'RE ATTITUDE TOWARDS
US KIDS SUK, AND THAT BASICALLY EVERYTHING
YOU DO OR SAY HAS NO IMPACT ON OUR LIFE NOW
OR TO COME. SO PLEASE SAVE YOUR SHIT FOR
SOME LITTLE FUK THAT WILL ALLOW YOU TO SHUT
'EM UP. I WILL NEVER SHUT UP, INFACT I'D LIKE
TO CHANGE THE NAME OF MY MAG TO STARK RIDIC-
ULE. ANYWAY I HATE YOU AND THE BOARD OF...
BABYSTIFFERS... EDUCATION.

CONTINUED

ピシヨアル映

SINCERELY.
ZAKERY

THE WEIRDEST PERSON I KNOW IS
ZAK. I HAVE ZAK IN MY DESIGN
CLASS. HE ALWAYS SAYS THE WEIRDEST
THINGS. IT WILL BE SILENT AND HE WILL
BUST OUT (SIC) AND SAY SOMETHING SO
OUT OF THE ORDINARY. HE HAS YELLOWISH
HAIR AND DRESSES TO WHAT HE LIKES.
HE DOESN'T CARE WHAT PEOPLE SAY ABOUT
HIM AND HIS OPINION IS THE ONLY OPIN-
ION. HE LISTENS TO REALLY WEIRD MUS-
IC THAT I HAVE NEVER HEARD OF. HE HAS
A UNIQUE WAY OF SAYING AND THINKING
OF THINGS. ON WEEKENDS HE DOES REALLY
WEIRD THINGS. HE GOES TO REALLY WEIRD
PARTIES THAT MOST PEOPLE PROBABLY WO-
ULD NEVER HAVE HEARD OF. IN ENDING
ZAK ~~IS~~ IS THE WEIRDEST PERSON I
HAVE EVER MET.

SHANNON
LATE 92

SHANNON -
THANKS FOR ALL THE RESPECT. NEXT
TIME TRY USING ANOTHER ADJECTIVE
OTHER THAN "WEIRD".
MAYBE "BEST"
ZAK
LATE 93

SCHOOL LUNCH
NO 305715

Do not inhale. Misuse
may cause dizziness and
nausea. Store in a cool
dry place.

Ministry Of Truth

someone to take
the poor sap home-
which definitely
dampered the
atmosphere.
nothin' like an
drug-crazed idiot
to keep the party
goin'. SpIne



THE WORLD'S STRONGEST STATIONERY

たため、S&Sは急遽に運に不利な

S&Pの創業は年内

預金者風の文相を以て

口小半半のそゆに甲目・いん

上田氏

COFFEE, COLA OR VIVARIN?

YEAH, SHIT! RIGHT ABOUT NOW I COULD USE SOME THING TO GET ME GOING. MAYBE A BIT OF EPHEDRINE OR MAYBE EVEN COCAINE. NO REALLY, I HATE EPHEDRINE IT MAKES YOUR HAIR STAND UP AND I GAURANTEEE THAT YOU WILL GET SICK EVENTUALLY. ME AND BEAUTIFULL ANDREA TOOK SIX EACH AND GOT DRY HEAVES ALL GODDAMN NIGHT. I GUESS THERE'S THIS NEW STUFF CALLED SUPER NATURAL IT'S A SCAM THOUGH CAUSE ALL IT IS, IS 250 MG. OF EPHEDRA. EPHEDRA IS THE PLANT THAT EPHEDRINE COMES FROM. DON'T TAKE IT, IT'S JUST A LIE.

COCAINE WOULD BE INTERESTING BUT THEN MATT WOULD GET ON MY ASS AND CALL ME "HOUSE" AND I CAN'T HAVE THAT. ACTUALLY I COULD CARE LESS ABOUT MATT AND HIS FACISM. COCAINE, FOR ME, ISN'T TOO HOT. I GUESS I OPT FOR COFFEE OR COLA. VIVARIN IS STUPID CAUSE YOU CAN'T ENJOY IT. IT JUST MAKES ME SHAKEY. I'D RATHER ENJOY 3 OR 4 CUPS OF COFFEE AND GET THE BUZZ I DESERVE. COLA IS A BEAUTIFULL LITTLE KICK AND IT WON'T GIVE THE FOT SMOKERS A REAL NASTY TASTE AFTER A SMOKE SESSION LIKE COFFEE WOULD.

I'M STAYING AWAY FROM SPEDDY PILLS AND SUCH. BEING ALL WIRED IS REALLY SICKENING AND DOWNERS ARE MUCH COOLER. SO KEEP POPPIN' UNVARN BECAUSE YOU'RE JUST LEAVING ALL THE GOOD DRUGS FOR ME AND MY PALS.



STAY
REALITY
FROM THE

Editor's note: this article was written Sunday, Oct. 24- the morning after the shit faced night of the 23rd. Golly, look's like I've been inspired to write... Boy, last night was pretty damn shitty- in more ways than most of you out there will ever know...

Again... I know I promised never to talk about parties, but Oct. 23 was pretty damn crappy. My night started off by heading toward "The Crash Worship" concert. thing. I got there around 9ish and noticed right away that there were no rave-types around... just a really different crowd, a "triblindustrialalternative-kind of crowd, with tribal tatoos to boot. Poor Crisp productions... according from what I hear, shit kept happening to that night (scince I don't what really was going on, except the fact that Crisp was really grumpy)...I hope things turned out well. I heard the band do their sound check thing (which I heard lasted for 6 hours!!! oh them Crash Worship people!!! such perfectionist...). All I can say is I kinda wished I stayed because the percussions were fabu. I liked it better than what I heard at Rejoice, if you knowutl mean. (Not to dis the Dub Tribe- but the live percussion couldn't really be heard...the space was to damn big!!!) 10:30 came rolling around and I jumped into my car and headed toward the Mind Flux Dream (which should now be called: Mind Sux Nightmare). As I was driving to the check point, I felt the excitement start to build. Funny, I've never went to a check point and found out that the party was right underneath it- Talk about under your nose. I passed a few F.A.'s and enjoyed the reaction of so many of you. It makes me happy to make you all happy. Thank you to those I spoke too. I won't talk about the space, except for the fact it was pretty dern big. It was a little dark too. Personally, I just couldn't get into the groove that evening. I liked the toons that were being played tho'- nice & hard but some shit that annoyed the hell out me went down and I was pretty out of it (ah, if you only knew...),.. I admit, I was Mr. No-Fun-At-All...sorry. I tried to get into the swing o' things, but I just couldn't.... I went to the record store upstairs and started to see if I could find some toons... that's when I found out the party was shut down. Now the details are unclear, but let's just say that the CPD just became the most uninvited. My heart goes out to those who were thrown into the slammer (dammit- don't forget yer id's!!!!). My night pretty much ended then. Said "Cya!!" to a few friends o' mine and screeched northward, literally- I ended up in some way of suburb near Gurnee, Il. At this moment, I'm thinking of being Mr. Hypocite by just saying, "FUCK YOU!!" to the whole scene and leaving it. I'm just getting soooo sick of it all (it's not really the busts- those happen to be part of the "rave experience".) Only time will tell.....

-PHIL "P93"



Gandhi

Why do I always have to be known as Matt's sister? Gosh, I think that I'm a little more individualistic than that. Who cares if I'm Matt's sister? Sure, I love the guy, and maybe he's had a couple of accomplishments in his lifetime, but is he really that important? I don't think so. I mean if he was some big Gandhi type figure I might say "Yeah, he's my brother, isn't he awesome?" But, he really hasn't met "Jesus," or "god" and hasn't been named a "saint." He just picks up girls easy, and that's no big deal. Hi. I'm Eva, and I'm no one important, but I'm Matt's sister.

Love, EVA

Made In America

Yes, I work at Wal-Mart, and I'm darn-tootin' proud of it. The location sucks though. I work in Beaver Dam (Darn). If you haven't heard of this town, that's a good sign. This town is stuck in the eighties. Fat women in tight jeans, Def Leppard, and Poison, that's the theme. Everybody has either a Camaro, or a Trans Am. Monte Carlos with their hiked up backs are also very popular. I often find myself too liberal to be working in such a town. I mean, let's face it: the eighties had to have been the worst decade of this century. Hairspray ran wild, all people did was snort cocaine, and tight rolled jeans were just cool. So, I get the heat from the customers, and fellow associates. They pick on my dark lipstick (Blackberry, of course) my Pumas (nice skating shoes) and how my hair just doesn't look like a natural color. A fellow named Mark who works

there told everyone how his wife is going to stay home and clean, and do his wash, and make him dinner, and is going to be there to just have sex with. I of course, enraged, shouted "You'll be looking for a wife for quite some time then boy!" Then we got into a big fight about Japanese made motorcycles and the Harley's. Of course if your mother works at Harley Davidson, you're going to say "Yeah, Harley's are better." So, I did. He shouted "No, they're not, they're for big scum bags: Old men who have hair down to their ass and are covered in leather." I said, "You are a wiper." He said "Who wants to buy American anyway? American things suck!!" I said "Why are you working here then?" and he shut up. There are some cool people though, like Steve: He and I often tell each other clove cigarette stories. He sexually harasses a lot, but I don't mind. His

grabbing of himself is
alright by me, cause I
know that that's just
how he is. I also work
with Lucas. Many of you
know him. He's from
Waupan, and has
written for M.O.T.
Anyway, to my point:
Wal-Mart is awesome.
It's just that I work
with, and get customers
that are just plain stuck
in the decade that I
unfortunately grew up
in.

EVA



Ministry of Truth

18 October 1993

Matt & Philip>

what comes around, goes around.....

I, for some reason, got a little crazy. I wrote something. It sums up a lot of feelings I get when I think about our favorite past time. If you'd like, throw it in the next issue, if not, oh well.

Love you both,
Mandy

One word
objection
One feeling
sorrow
One tree
several branches
One root
directions unveiled
together
we have built
One family
together
we have engaged in
One war
against eachother
One year
and so many seasons
rain, snow, sun, wind
One road
trampled upon
One person
maybe two
maybe three hundred
see this and want to
make
One change

Some time ago, a party was thrown on the East side, in a basement, called Soul Sex. The organizers were three girls that MOT had been formerly associated with. The choice was made for MOT to have nothing to do with this party because of the character of the girls organizing the event. A choice wisely made, as one of the girls writes us.....

'I must begin by saying that my first introduction to the rave scene was a good one, but my good friend Miss Groove led me to Terror. The scene seemed wonderful. I felt very comfortable and I felt that I could trust the individuals that I was attending the events with. However, that same friend turned her back on me. I thought the people that were involved were good people out to have innocent, good fun. I was misled. These people lied about me and caused me to flee the scene. I know now there are good, honest people out there. I hope the scene can continue without these minor setbacks. Just remember the scene is a good cause and anyone is welcome in it. Lady Godiva.



FUEL

CAFE



KILLER COFFEE-LOUSY SERVICE

818 EAST CENTER STREET

MILWAUKEE

Al Pacino and the Police

I'm sure many of you have already heard. We here at M.O.T. are ex-cons. Please don't be too rash in your judgments about us and read about our story, it's a good one.

On the night of Sept. 21st at about 2:00 am Matt, Carl, and I were hanging around at Mandy's. Nothing was going on so us three decided to go for a walk.

The first place we went was a photography place where Obi One has his mural. Matt decided to look through their garbage in hopes to find something to use in this issue. We found a neat picture of an old man holding up a really large fish. Soon we finished with all the garbage.

タイマン

We decided to go downtown and see if we could find something to do down there. While we walked down Water street we heard a really loud noise coming from this one building. The windows were at eye level so we saw nothing wrong with looking in. It turns out that the factory was a tannery. What the hell is a tannery?

We then passed Lacke & Joys. Matt as always had to tag his "Al Pacino", but all he had was his white out pen and that wouldn't stay because it was slightly drizzling. I loaned him my mean streak. Once he was done Carl had his go. I got my mean streak back and we continued walking.

We saw the river once we past Lacke & Joys, and it looked really pretty. All three of us are true romantics, and very sentimental so of course we had to see it in the moonlight. We crossed the parking lot and were looking at the river when the "Pigs" came. They weren't actually police they were M.S.O.E. rent-a-cops, and Matt made that very apparent by continuously asking when the real police were going to show up. Matt and I were lucky we were handcuffed together, Carl was all by his lonesome.

After about five minute the first police car showed up. The cop was a real bastard, he made us call him **Officer Bohl** like he was some big bad ass. Matt and I once again made apparent how big of an ass he was. A little bit later eight more cars showed up. It was a tad bit of overkill for us. I once again found myself thinking how sexy these two female cops were.

いんたびゅ〜

I decided that since I had the mean streak that I would take the rap, and all three of us would split the fine. The others agreed. When the pigs asked who wrote Al Pacino, I said I did. When they asked who wrote Droopy, I said I did. Are police this damn dumb? Anyways, they frisked all of us, and took away Matt's makeup, because they found it a threat or something like that.

Raving Reviews

II DEAR
THEREFOR
I AMBIENT

Since we haven't written an article of this nature in sometime, join us as we take a few steps back into the depths of this summer's happenings. 31 July brought the Drop Bass Network's (Genesis party located on a farm near Alpine Valley music theatre (at which, incidentally, Van Halen was rocking on). The main dancefloor was sonstop hardcore until about 5am when someone threw on Hardtrance Asperience. Located outdoors was the small but effective system upon which Davey Dave spun for seven and a half hours...not necessarily a bad idea, but some sort of variation would have been in order (playing certain songs three times and resorting to Michael Jackson?...come on). This party was excellent in being cop-free, underground, and entertaining...but, we at Quadrasonic feel that the "Hardcore will never die" ethic is a bit silly. Our utmost respects to the Drop Bass Network for what they do, but hardcore techno has been dominant in this area since the scene's beginnings and we feel that a balance between hardcore, acid, trance, and house is the best way to insure that a party will last until morning and that everyone will enjoy the music. At any rate, this party had a good vibe and the set by Industrial Strength record's Lenny Dee was mind boggling. Quadrasonic would like to suggest to the individuals who broke into several vehicles that evening...well, that you...um...fuck off.

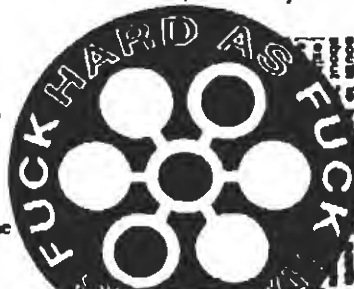
Moving right along...the next weekend brought Seth Love's "100% Hardcore" Download, an event we weren't too upset about missing. Held in some sort of beach club, we heard only bad reports and unfulfillment of promises made on the invite...better luck next time.

The weekend of the 20th brought to pass our personal favorite event of the summer, Network 10's Second Nature in Appleton, WI. Held on the grounds of Lawrence University, we were skeptical about how underground of an event this would be. But, this rave had the best vibe I've seen since Love Nation, despite the small turnout (250ish). Excellent sets were spun by DJ's Jethro X, Jeddiah the Messiah, Smoove, and Synergy. These two promoters are some of the most scrupulous I've ever met and we give them the Q-Sonic stamp of approval. We missed the event in St. Louis the following night due to the simple fact that it was in St. Louis. However, we heard great reports of its success.

We trekked on over to Madison the weekend of 3 September to hear Quadrasonic contributor DJ Nick Nice (back from Paris) spin at the Cardinal. Excellent music as usual...same crowd as usual. Like Youth Of Today said, "count me out." The event the following evening held in the same barn as Pollenation featured Nick spinning once again, Roz B. Liquid, Kevin Wilk-E, and the return of DJ ESP Woody McItride.

The next major rave to happen was the Drop Bass Network's Midonn, held in the same airplane hangar/stable as One, out of necessity. The sound system and lights were the same as last year's Tempest...an attempt to recreate the vibe many point to as the highlight of the Milwaukee scene. Unfortunately, that didn't happen. Within the first hour, we dealt with imposing security, saw a gun flashed by a gangbanger, and just didn't have any fun. This party was planned well and featured good DJ's...it just wasn't something to write down as a historic moment in rave history.

The next weekend brought about the more than controversial BioFunk event from Gravity Project. Firstly, we at Quadrasonic think that \$13 is a bit high for a five hour party under any circumstances. Although Sheep On Drugs sucked, there was a second dancefloor available at all times. I will admit that I had alot of fun at this party(have you ever had one of those days when you're just in a mood to have fun and nothing can stop you) so I'm biased against all the criticism hurled at Gravity project...but however, the criticism is sort of warranted. Anyway, excellent acts were spun by Kevin Wilk-E and Mind Drive as well as the usual impressiveness of the Hyperactive vs. Terry Mullen thang. The busted afterhours was a bummer...but, what can you do.



november 13th, 1993
loud productions presents

inertia

don't call us,
we'll call you...

On Friday, October 8th at about 9:30 a.m. I received a call from Karsten.

"Hey Phlip, how are you doing."

"O.K. I guess. I kind of have a cough."

"Well that sucks, By the way what are you doing tomorrow?"

"I don't know, why?"

"Do you want to help set up for Rejoice?"

"Yeah, I guess..."

"Great, We'll pick you up tomorrow."

"O.K. that's cool."

I did my own thing the rest of the night



Tomorrow showed up a lot quicker than I had anticipated. I was still asleep when he called me back.

"Hey Phlip, we'll be over in 15 minutes."

This really sucked. I got up, took a shower, got dressed, ate breakfast, all in under 15 minutes. To my luck they were about 10 minutes late.

Soon a car pulled into my driveway, it was Jeff and Tim. Karsten wasn't ready so we had to pick him up later. First though, we had to pick up Karsten's mixer from Zack's house. We went to Zack's and got the mixer, on the way back to the car Tim "found" a package by Zack's neighbors door. When we got back to the car it was a bit like Christmas. Inside the package was a bottle of perfume that was ordered from the Home Shopping Club. Smelling the perfume from the nozzle it smelled rather pretty, So we decided that we would give it to some girl later that night.



After we got Karsten we went to get Matt. When we got there Brian was there. So I soon found myself sucking on a big, fat J. It was really nice.

We got hungry soon, so we all went to Rocky's. Matt and Tim had no money so they got a tray and went to the salad bar. We then tried to throw bran muffins onto these cloth overhangs that were attached to the ceiling. Then all of a sudden Tim busts out and yells.

"Hey guys, look what I can cough up!"



He made a sound that a cat would make if it had a furball stuck in it's throat, then these huge white chunks flew out of his mouth onto the table. He then did it again. It was one of the funniest things I have ever seen. Karsten and I found ourselves laughing too hard to stay in Rocky's, so we left.

On the way down to Chicago we stopped at the Oasis. Tim did not do anything exceptionally strange. Karsten and I were still laughing about **"The Chunks."** Outside I asked a lady to take a picture of us. Everybody else thought that she was going to steal my camera. The lady had to be in her late forties, she was obviously a mother, and she looked really nice so I didn't see much of a danger.



At about 5:30 we arrived at the roller-rink. Kurt and Anne were already there. They said that we should go inside to check the place out. It was nothing like I was imagining. It was so nice. The rink was very large, there were neon lights all over, on the balcony there was another rink, and there was a fucking video game room. I was in my own little world for awhile.

There was one little glitch in this all though, the skaters were not done until 11:00 and the party was suppose to start at midnight. That means that we had an hour to set up the rink, and everything else.

The smaller room, was done quickly. At around dinner time Anne bought something like eight pizzas for everyone that was setting up. It was pretty damn good. Chris from "Waterworks" kept on bumming cigarettes from me, so I decided that we would strike up a bargain with him. It would be two cigarettes for one smart drink.

While we were waiting for the skating to finish, I met this very sweet little black kid. I took him to the arcade. (The little shit beat me in Air Hockey) I kind of got embarrassed though because everyone kept looking at me and smiling, and I didn't know if it was because I was playing with the kid or because I was losing to the kid.

Soon 11:00 came rolling around. So there began the rush to set-up. My job was to go on this lift, and go up about forty feet and attach bed sheets to the neon lights, for the film-loops. After the second sheet I got a little scared, so Karsten went up. He got even more freaked out so I had to go back up and finish.

The room got finished and there was still time to spare, so we all sat around and talked for awhile.

At 12:00 we opened the doors. My job for the door was to take the red tickets and rip them in half. I found out that this was a really easy way of meeting people. I was mean to a few people and I'm sorry for that but they were being stupid and I was getting irritated. Zack came and took over for me.

Nov. 30TH 1993.....

PENISES



I wanted to unwind a bit so I went to the arcade with Eric. We played some really shitty fighting game, I lost every time. That game got fusterating so I decided that we would go play something I knew I would win "Mortal Kombat." I kicked his ass. He got fusterated so we quit that also. We went off to go dance.

The "Hardcore" area was too damn hot so I had to dance to the "House." Duo Tribe soon came on. I thought they were really good, and at a closer look at the stage I saw my Indiana girl playing the bongos. (Wow, I did not know she was here.) She looked really good up on stage.

I got really tired after awhile so I went to listen to the acid-guy talk. He was pretty damn interesting. I learned a lot in a weird, warped way.

I found Matt. He was talking to some girl from the Netherlands, and somebody else, Karsten was there too. Matt was getting all dressed up for his interpretation of a "House" person. He put on this big ugly green shirt and he put his hair up in barrettes. It really was quite cute on him. He left to go dance to the "House." Karsten told me I should squirt some of the perfume on the two girls, so I did. That was a mistake. It was the worst smelling perfume I had ever smelt. The girls got really mad at me. I didn't really blame them at all.

After about fifteen minutes of trying to reconcile myself with the two girls and not getting anywhere, I decided to walk around. I found the Indiana girl, so I decided to introduce myself.

"Hi, I'm PhLp"

"Hey, what's up"



* See M.O.T. #11

"Not much, by the way did you get issue #11"

"No, why?"

"Oh, well I kind of wrote a little about you in it"

"O.K. I guess I should get one then"

"O.K."

We talked a little bit more. Her name is Danny, actually it's Daniel but she goes by Danny. She also tours with "The Dead." She was so great...

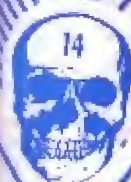
The party finished at about 6:00. The rush than began to dismantle by 7:00. I copped out on all that work, and I asked Jeff to drive me to the afterhours.

The after hours was in the same coffee joint that the Evolution afterhours was. It was a small little place with big windows that let the place be drowned with sun-light. It was a really pretty day. I got myself a bowl of granola and milk. I sat with Zack and his girlfriend. Those

two are really fucking strange. She fell asleep so we piled plastic dishes on the side of her face. That was kind of funny. Danny was there so I gave her the issue. She read it right in front of me which embarrassed the hell out of me. Then she went to show who I think was her boyfriend, that sucked to.

After awhile the party slowed down so the group I came with decided to leave. We stopped at a porno shop on the way back but that was bad so we left there and we all just went home.

Philip Anthony Milbrath



On October 23, 1993
The Out of Body
Society, and NPS cyber-
space did a party. I
was unable to attend
because I was in
Chicago. Philip reports
live from the action
at:



This sucks...

This really sucks...

Karsten is going to start his set in a bit, Mitch is spinning now, and no one is dancing. There seems to be a swarm of really preppie girls here, They're probley friends with Lori. She is so dumb. God this is awful.

There is this little 14 yr. old hitting on me. Oh god, I think I'm in hell.

Some of these people are O.K. but most suck. Where the hell is everyone. They were probley to smart to come here. I should call Mandy and warn her not to come. But I don't have a quarter so I can't.



Later

The party still sucks, AC/DC in playing in the "Chill Out" room.

I did met someone really great. Her name is Jenny, she lives in Madison. We went and walked around the country setting that we were thrown into. I tried to feed the horses peanuts but they didn't like us and denied our kickin peanuts. Oh well. We saw lots of stars. We also talked about really deep stuff. Flip said it was weird that we were because we had just met.

When we came back Carston asked if we had sex. I said nothing. That was rather a forwara thing for him to ask. What a pervert.

This party is really bad, etc.,etc.,etc. Flip thinks that they should play more Hardcore. I think that me and my friend Murat are going to get going soon. Which sucks because I am having fun sittin by Flip. Flip is cool. Acid boy & Mr. Bill are doing nitrous and everybody seems to be flocking in that direction.

That was Jenny. She's so neat, she reminds me of a little kitten. I mean that in the best possible way. To bad she live in Madison, but that is closer than Indiana.

... The article takes
a Sharp twist →

WHAT HAPPENED TO THE WHOLE FESTIVE ATMOSPHERE ? IT SEEMED TO BE RATHER APPARENT LAST YEAR AT THIS TIME. IT SEEMS TO ME THAT "WE" AS A WHOLE HAVE FORGOTTEN WHAT WE ARE HERE FOR.

THERE USED TO BE NO AWFUL PARTIES. NOW THEY SEEM MORE LIKE A COMMON OCCURRENCE THEN SOMETHING THAT SHOULD BE CHANGED.

WHAT IS UP WITH THE NAME DROPPING ALSO? "I talked to Kurt last night." WELL GOOD FOR YOU, HE IS A GREAT GUY. BUT WHO THE HELL REALLY CARES THAT YOU TALKED TO HIM. KURT IS JUST A MAN, HE IS NOT A GOD THAT SHOULD BE WORSHIPED. YES, I KNOW THAT D.B. IS JUST ABOUT THE ONLY PROMOTERS THAT KNOW WHAT THEY'RE DOING, BUT THAT IS BECAUSE EVERYONE ELSE ARE A BUNCH OF LAZY ASSES. IT SEEMS TO ME THAT D.B. ARE THE ONLY REASON WE EVEN HAVE A "SCENE",

I RESPECT O.B.S. FOR TRYING, BUT THEY

WHEN THE NITROUS IS BROUGHT OUT. THAT TO ME IS THE SADDEST PART. HOW CAN A DRUG DO WHAT WE DON'T DO UNDER A NORMAL CIRCUMSTANCE.

I AM STARTING TO BELIEVE THAT WE REALLY DO ALL SUCK. BUT PERHAPS WITH SOME WORK WE CAN DRAG OUR "SCENE" OUT OF THE MUD, AND CLEAN IT UP A BIT. THAT WOULD NEED EVERYONES HELP NOT JUST A FEW...

WELL I GUESS WE'LL JUST HAVE TO WAIT, TO SEE WHAT HAPPENS. IF NOTHING DOES YOU CAN ALL GO TO HELL.

Phil

FUCKED UP BY PUTTING SOME GIRL THAT HAS NO IDEA ON WHAT SHE IS DOING IN CHARGE. BY THE WAY GERBER WAS PUT ON BY O.B.S. AND N.P.S. AND THAT IS ALL. CARPE NOCTEM AND THE OTHERS HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH IT, LORI JUST FUCKED UP AGAIN.

KIND PROJECT SHOULD BE APPLAUDED FOR TRYING REALLY DAMN HARD. BUT THE MASSES JUST DON'T SEEM TO RECOGNIZE A GOOD THING WHEN THEY SEE IT.

ONLY A FRACTION OF THE FAULT LIES WITH THE PROMOTERS. THE MASSES (YOU) DON'T TRY ANYMORE. THERE IS NO SUPPORT TO BE FOUND ANYMORE. EVERYTHING IS LABELED AS "HOUSE" OR "HARDCORE". THIS AT ONE TIME NEVER HAPPENED. IT SEEMS TO BE LIKE A WAR NOW. THE PEACE ONLY EXISTS



Polish Prince. David Prince.

COCAINE

The latest House Music Flap

It's about time for us (MOT) to take a stand in this little war between house and hardcore- because it is simply ridiculous. We all have our favorites- whether it be a monotonous, cold beat 190 times a minute or a soulful black chick being sampled and babbling to horrid horns. Chicago's Hardcore Authority takes a major hardcore stance-- 'DON'T TAKE PROGRESSIVE HOUSE BULLSHIT' and 'Raving was meant for hardcore music. If a raver wanted house toons, he/she would go to a house party- Make's sense, doesn't it?'



Also, to steal a tidbit from CHA once again, quote from AK 1200: "People say hardcore is dead because they want it dead."

I believe that each kind of music has it's particulars as to where it should be played. Let's start with house: At a rave- O.K. if it's played or begins to be played in the early morning,

say 4:30. It just isn't appropriate in the beginning. I want to dance to something energetic, not soulful. House truly belongs in a house, or in Chicago lofts. I've had equally entertaining times at House parties and loft events as I've had at full-scale events. Another place house truly belongs is in clubs. Face it, house music is a get sweaty off other peoples body heat-get drunk type of music. I could not imagine going into the Blues Oasis and taking the hardcore stance against the speakers. Cellar Lab was always a nice place for house music too.

Hardcore feels good in large warehouses and the barns of DBN fame. Sure, when everybody crowds against the speaker it would seem that it takes up that clubbish feel, but I always seem to get sweated up over the movement of my own body rather than from the heat of others.

Hardcore also deserves the Wall of Sound. It was an almost sad feeling dancing to house music at Rejoice in front of speaker columns that were higher than any wall of sound that I've had a chance to kiss.

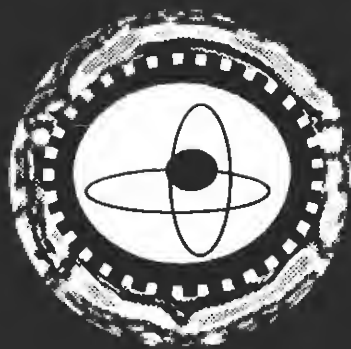
Attitude also comes into play. It just seems that strict house fans are more snobbish in their disco clothes to us tee-shirt toting hardcore fans. But, then again, maybe they feel the same. At the recent Colgate party, a house girl told myself and other hardcores that she was getting a bad vibe off us all night. Go figure.

At the same party, we all had the pleasure of hearing JJ Jellybean spin some his wild breakbeats. We fondly call this music 'Cocaine', a term that many house fans took offense to for some reason. I suppose it is well known that in the clubhouse scene that cocaine use is popular and maybe that was the case.....

To keep things unified and peaceful, the Mot stance on this house/hardcore flap is that house is OK at large events in the mornings and that house is most appropriate in club or tight environments. So there- now all you house fuckers can stop calling my voice-mail and bitching about it.



- *beefy t-shirts with fatass prints*
- *xXI only for max. comfort*
- *high quality-low price*
- *WHO'S NEXXED?•*



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S.A.S.E. FOR OUR CATALOG



I'm standing up for my rights as a piece of shit
 all pieces of shit have these rights. These rights
 include the freedom of speech. This means
 you can say what you wish, You may not speak too
 bluntly or you will end up a festering bruise
 from those you offended.
 I'm not gonna take anymore of this shit so I
 will beat the living hell outa those that offend
 my morals. I will sit in jail for knocking
 your fucking weasel teeth out of you tiny "do no
 wrong" mouth.
 The confinement of my person for committing the
 crime of disagreement with the use of physical
 force will give me time to loathe. I will work
 for my self to the bone. VIGILANTE... for lifexxx
 my self to the bone. VIGILANTE... for lifexxx

STARK
 REALITY

THE QUARK FILES ARE AS FOLLOWS...
 FOR A PERIOD OF 4 MONTHS ME AND
 A FEW OTHER PEOPLE SET OUT TO
 DESIGN T-SHIRTS. WE DID AND WERE
 HONEST WHEN IT CAME TO PRICES AND
 SUCH. WE SOLD MOST THINGS AT RAVE
 GATHERINGS. PROGRESS WAS GOOD. MY
 ANFULL ATTITUDE WAS THAT WE WERE
 NOW BECOMING WHAT WE HATED. AN
 ORGANIZED GROUP THAT NO LONGER
 JUST LIVE FASHIONABLE OR WARE SO
 CALLED "COOL" CLOTHES BUT WE PUT
 EFFORT AND MONEY INTO SOMETHING
 THAT IT'S SOUL PURPOSE WAS TO SELL
 I HATE THAT. I FELT BAD ABOUT

TAKING PEOPLES MONEY FOR A FASHION
 FASHION HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH
 THAT. IT'S SIMPLY A COMFORTABLE
 WAY OF DRESSING. I DIDN'T WANT TO
 BE PART OF SOMETHING THAT I DID
 NOT BELIVE IN, SOMETHING I'D DIS-
 AGREE WITH. I QUIT AND GAVE IT
 TO THE OTHERS. LET THEM GET ALL
 TIED UP IN LAME GAME OF FASHION
 AND BASICALLY A FALSE FORM OF
 INDIVIDUALITY THAT WE ALL TAKE
 PART IN.

OUT/OVER

style

STYLE

ZAX THEORY OF RELATIVITY

QUESTION: "WHAT THE FUK?"

ANSWER: "WHO CARES?"

ZAK SIGNS OFF: ZIMES ARE A JERK.
I'LL BE BELIEVED WHEN IT'S DONE.
I'M LIKE MOVING AND STAYING UP ALL
NITE, AND IT REALLY SUCK. I WANT
WANT TO SLEEP FOR A GOOD 10-12
HOURS, AGAIN I'M A TOTAL
IRRESPONSIBLE SLACK OFF

Spine →
John Holmes



I think maybe
I'm gonna give
up doin' this.
I wonder if
it really pays
off. Sure, there's
the glamour, the
women, the
~~money~~... the
the, - yeah -
maybe this is
just too much.
Send me \$.

Thanks to....
Stark Reality, ATP
Junga Vibes, CHA,
Hard Corn & Sonic
Marigolds on

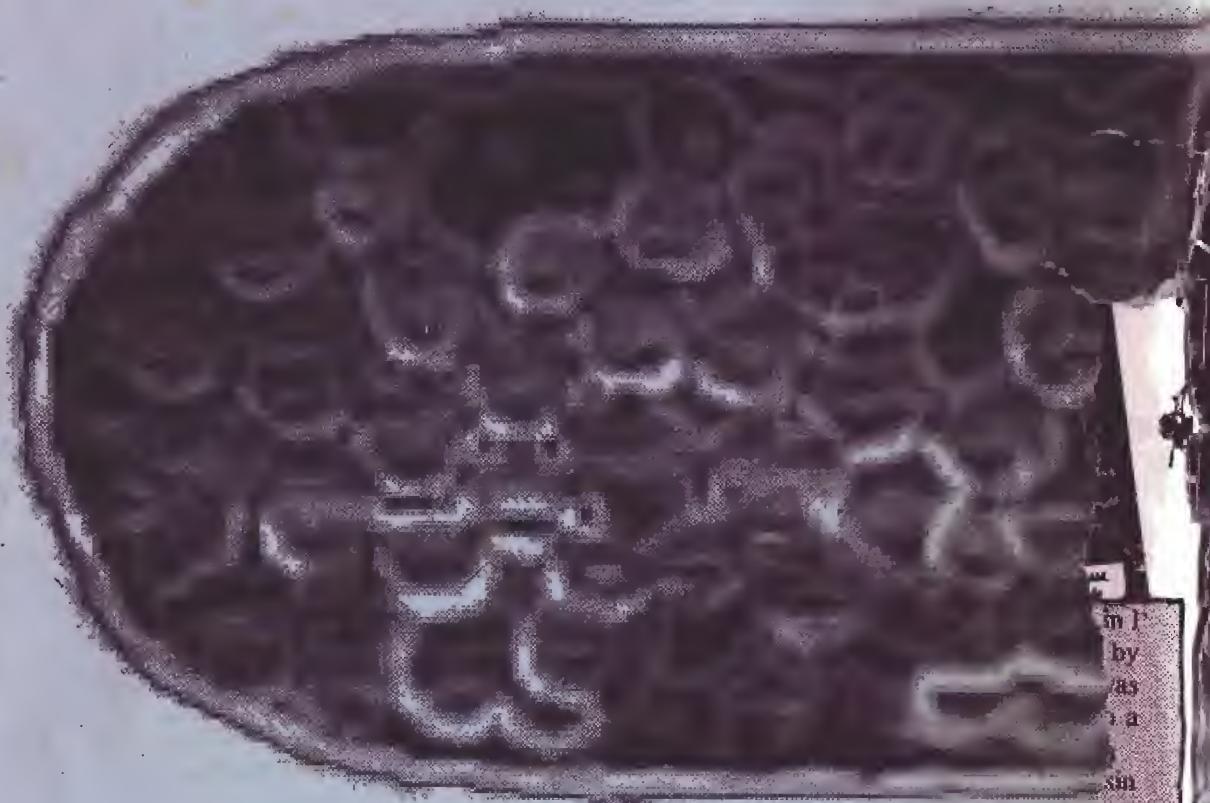
Steroids, Pure
Hype, Phil Free Art and
the ADVERTISERS!

And everyone who sat
back and said "Hey, he
forgot to mention me." *alperino*

FUCK. JUST SHUT UP AT
AND SMELL YOUR OWN SHIT.
FOR READING THIS AND YOU
MAY HAVE READ THE WHOLE
IN THING... OFF ☺

IF I suppose I should thank
Andy & Maggie for helping. My
broch is also responsible for
ring for this thing we so
intentionally call Massive Church
is cool. I also need to
thank Jenny ~~and~~ & Danny for
just being there to look and
gawk at. I ♥ My Mom

PHILIP



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